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FIVE MEN IN WASHINGTON are of the opinion that evidence obtained by wire-tapping may be used in a federal court even though wire-tapping itself is a crime. That is, the United States government may encourage and make use of one kind of crime to help suppress another. Although these five men happen to be members of the United States Supreme Court, we think that several million times five of their countrymen will regard the opinion as deplorable law and disgraceful ethics. In fact four other men, also justices of the Supreme Court, say that the opinion is not law at all, so that even from the purely legal standpoint there are virtually as many minds on one side as the other. And the minority four, Justices Brandeis, Butler, Holmes, and Stone, present far the better-reasoned argument. The case came to the Supreme Court on appeal from the State of Washington—where tapping a telephone wire is a crime—in a prohibition prosecution. The defendants set up that their Constitutional rights against "unreasonable searches and seizures" had been violated, but Chief Justice Taft and four of his associates overruled this claim. They admitted that it applied to intercepting a letter in the mails, but not to the interception of a message on a telephone wire.

JUSTICE BRANDEIS, however, pointed out the absurdity of this differentiation, while Justice Holmes disclosed the moral obliquity of the majority decision, saying:

> I think it a less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part.
>
> For those who agree with me no distinction can be taken between the government as prosecutor and the government as judge. If the existing code does not permit district attorneys to have a hand in such dirty business it does not permit the judge to allow such iniquities to succeed. . . . And if all that I have said so far be accepted it makes no difference that in this case wire-tapping is made a crime by the law of the State, not by the law of the United States.
>
> It is true that a State cannot make rules of evidence for courts of the United States, but the State has authority over the conduct in question, and I hardly think that the United States would appear to greater advantage when paying for an odious crime against State law than when inciting to the disregard of its own.

The most creditable part of Mr. Taft's opinion was his suggestion that Congress might legislate to bar evidence obtained by wire-tapping. We hope that it will, and are glad to see that the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company says that his organization will continue to resist and discountenance the practice. The heaviest load which prohibition has to carry is the shocking lawlessness that has been employed to enforce it.

THE FAILURE OF THE NAVY BILL to pass in the Senate was one of the most encouraging events of recent years. The big-navy men, backed by the President in one of his big-navy moods, undertook to call for an expenditure of close to a billion dollars in five years. At first the program seemed likely to succeed. The House Committee on Naval Affairs, led by the late Representative Butler, was thoroughly jingo, and freely abused everyone who dared to come before it and protest against this outrageous waste of public funds. But the answer of the people was to bury the committee under an avalanche of protests, which compelled its members to cut the plan to a three-year, quarter-million-dollar program for fifteen cruisers and one new airplane carrier. In the last hours of the session the bill was lost in a mass of unfinished business and no new construction was authorized. The most extraordinary thing about the whole episode, and the most encouraging, was the spontaneity of the protests. It was apparently the historic American hostility to great standing armaments aroused again.

TALK OF PEACE is everywhere in the air. From England we learn by private letters of the extraordinary interest taken in the Kellogg peace proposals, which are regarded much more seriously in that country than over here. They have been widely debated, both in and out of Parliament, and the trend of opinion has been distinctly favorable, even in the House of Lords. As one reads the American press from day to day one is struck by the constant discussion of the peace question, and the growing organizing of the country against the militarism which has been one of our dreadful heritages from the war. In Athens, Georgia, the other day, was held a State conference on the cause and cure of war—the first of forty-eight similar conferences to meet before the opening of the next Con-

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gress. Hundreds of delegates attended; representatives of large organizations having local bodies throughout the State, college professors and business men as well as large numbers of women, all came together to discuss the outlawry of war, the World Court, and the multilateral treaty. For one week in all the leading dailies of Georgia preparation for peace was featured news. It is pleasant to record that some colored women, representing the inter-racial group, attended and were made welcome.

AS A SORT OF LOUD-SPEAKER for little nations with a grievance the League of Nations is a success. As a machinery for settling bitter international disputes it serves chiefly as an electric fan, cooling heated disputants and blowing off some of the vapor. The recent session of its Council afforded a whole series of examples of its talents and shortcomings. For five years Hungary and Rumania have been making faces at each other over the question of compensation for the Hungarian "optants"—the Magyar landlords who retained both their Hungarian citizenship and their Transylvanian landholdings when that province was transferred by treaty to Rumania. They object to the Rumanian law dividing up the great estates. The League has proposed solution after solution—every one of which either Rumania or Hungary has turned down. Again the League has failed to solve the problem, and now invites the disputants to settle it face to face. On the other hand the League machinery has aired the question before all Europe and given both sides a chance to calm down.

IT IS WHEN ONE OF THE PARTIES to a dispute is clearly stronger that matters are worst. Poland by sheer brute force defied the League seven years ago and seized Vilna; she is still in possession, and strong enough to retain possession. So Austen Chamberlain and the other high priests of the League direct their reproaches against intransigent little Lithuania. Similarly in the question of the arms seized on the Hungarian frontier. They were shipped, in plain violation of the Treaty of the Trianon, by Italy, which is not reprimanded or even mentioned, to Hungary, which gets off with a mild slap on the wrist in the form of a not-guilty-but-don't-do-it-again verdict. If the Little Entente, which fears an armed Hungary, had been stronger, the rebuke would, we suspect, have been sharper.

BUT IF ITALY GOES SCOT-FREE at Geneva, she is not popular among her neighbors. France resents her vague talk of treaty revision, and suspects her of forming an anti-French bloc in the Balkans, with Hungary as its nucleus. Berlin has had anti-Fascist riots, though they were milder than the outbreaks in Jugoslavia. There the signing of the Nettuno pact, which permits Italians to own land in the Dalmatian coastal plain, set fire to the smoldering anti-Italian resentment in a dozen cities. Mobs sacked Italian shops and demonstrated in the streets against Mussolini's empire. The Jugoslav Government hastened to apologize and to take stern measures of repression, and Mussolini has accepted the apologies, but the riots are evidence of the intense popular feeling. In Albania, meanwhile, the buttressing of the new Italian empire goes on apace. Ahmed Bey, the puppet dictator of Albania, who has signed treaties riveting Italy's military, financial, and economic control of his country, is to be made king—apparently a sort of Fascist decoration in recognition of services rendered.

ON THE RETREAT FROM PEKING Chang Tso-lin's special train was bombed. It was at the point where the Chinese railroad crosses the Japanese South Manchurian Railway that the train was blown up, and the accuracy with which the plotters picked out Chang's special car and train from the midst of a fleet of special trains, together with the power of the bomb, which destroyed several coaches, convinces some observers that Japanese rather than Chinese were responsible for the attack. No direct evidence to convict anyone has been produced, however; for two weeks even the facts of Chang's condition have been lost in a cloud of rumors. Governor Wu of Heilungkiang, one of his ablest and most ruthless subordinates, was killed; and the rumor is that Chang's own death is being concealed until his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, and his chief of staff, Yang Yu-ting, can get back to Manchuria. At any rate the ex-bandit who almost became emperor ceases to be a factor in Chinese politics. It remains to be seen whether his followers can provide Manchuria with an equally strong administration and can hold out against Japanese encroachment, and whether the rival Nationalist generals can compose their differences and organize the territory they have won. For the moment all the old eighteen provinces yield at least nominal allegiance to the National Government.

THE SLEEPING-CAR PORTERS form another of those labor groups which stand as living proof that the popular picture of Coolidge prosperity is a highly colored and overdrawn chromo. Working nearly 400 hours a month for $72.50, the porters depend on gratuities from the traveling public to bring the starvation wage paid by the Pullman Company up to a bare subsistence level. Through their organization, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids, they have appealed their case to every possible government board and have asked for conferences with their employers, which the Pullman Company has flatly refused to grant. In a final effort to get its case before some public body, the Brotherhood recently ordered a general strike of all Pullman porters and maids. Unfortunately this order failed to produce the hoped-for effect of inducing President Coolidge to declare that an emergency existed and, under the powers given him by the Watson-Parker railroad-mediation law, to appoint a board of arbitration which would have the authority to summon both parties before it. No emergency was declared, and the Brotherhood, upon advice from President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, postponed the strike.

OBVIOUSLY IT IS A DIFFICULT time for the porters to make their first fight. In spite of wretched wages, long hours, and physical discomforts, the men are hard to organize. They are migratory workers dressed in uniform. The union has done a remarkable job in drawing a large proportion of them into its ranks; but it would be a desperate matter to carry them through a strike in the face of widespread unemployment and the tactics of industrial terrorism used by the company. President Green urged the porters to begin "a campaign of education and public enlightenment regarding the justice of your cause and the seriousness of your grievances." We wish the union success in its effort. Certainly no labor fight was ever more directly the public's business than this one. The public pays the Pullman Company a high rate for accommodations; and then in addition it is expected to pay a large share of the

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wages of the employees directly. Let the sleeping-car public go on strike!

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA is Congress's home town, and as such ought to get the benefit of the most advanced legislative ideas. But events do not seem always to work that way. Accident compensation for workers has become so well established in this country since it was first tried in 1911 that failure to provide it now puts those responsible on the defensive. Yet somehow the District of Columbia has been neglected. For seven years the American Association for Labor Legislation worked to get protection for the 144,000 persons affected, without success until May 14, last, when the Blaine bill was passed. It is on the same lines as the longshoremen's-compensation act which went through last year. Forty-three States have enacted workmen's-compensation laws. Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, North and South Carolina still lag behind the procession, but the campaign is making progress there. No State, having once tried the new way, has returned to the old, dilatory, and expensive method of damage suits.

WHEN A PITTSBURGH GRAND JURY indicts the Superintendent of Police, three police inspectors, two police magistrates, twelve police lieutenants, five Republican ward chairmen, and two State assemblymen, along with 142 others, as involved in a gigantic "rum ring" directing the liquor business of Andrew Mellon's city, it looks serious. Gifford Pinchot, who has insisted through thick and thin that while prohibition never had been enforced it could be if the enforcement officers took their job seriously, must appreciate this indorsement of his position. But, while the bail bonds are said to total $835,000, the gentlemen are not yet in jail, nor is Pittsburgh any drier than Kansas City. The alliance between liquor and politics goes so deep that sophisticated newspaper readers, while assuming the truth of the indictments, will with equal cynicism expect the police officials and Republican politicians to go free. Time was when the great reform cry was to get the saloon out of politics; but the bootleggers have amply filled the place vacated by the saloonkeepers, and supply as good a source of revenue for the ward politicians. Naturally the political leaders of both parties are united in their determination to keep the liquor issue out of the campaign. Honest discussion of the issue might force a real effort at enforcement—of which the political Wets and the political Drys are equally afraid.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT has won a distinct victory in the settlement out of court which the United States Radium Corporation has made with five former women employees who are believed to be dying in consequence of work in the company's factory in Orange, New Jersey. The women, who absorbed poison by the practice of moistening in their mouths the brushes with which they painted radium on watch faces, brought suit against the company some time ago, stating that they had not been warned against the dangers of their method of work. The suits came to trial and the company's lawyers staved off settlement by the usual tricks of the law, but after the New York *World* brought out the fact that the women might die while justice was dallying, federal Judge William Clark led a widely supported move for a settlement out of court, and the corporation soon agreed to pay each woman $10,000 in cash and a yearly pension of $600, besides providing expert medical treatment. The outcome is a credit to Judge Clark and the *World* and a victory for humanity over legalism, but it is only partial justice. No community has done its duty by its workers so long as it tolerates industrial methods which drive or induce them to risk their lives and health, no matter how generous it may be in its alms and funerals.

WHILE SOME NEWSPAPER READERS have been occupied with the doings of the dozens of aviators who in one place and another are risking their necks, others have got more kick out of the experiences of the old German cabman who amused two hemispheres by his drive from Berlin to Paris behind his faithful horse Gramus. Whether Gustav Hartmann took himself seriously as a "good-will ambassador," or was merely seeking pleasant diversion, his reception in Paris was another effervescence of the genius for spontaneous play which still survives in the French capital. Of course it was the students of the Latin Quarter who made the occasion. While the Quai d'Orsay remained coldly indifferent, the students met Hartmann with a squadron of horse-drawn cabs, gathered from who knows what ancient stables, and if they did not give him the key to the city they at least obtained for him the freedom of the streets (even when automobile traffic had to be halted). Premier Poincaré, who has unctuously welcomed hundreds of nonentities, did not have the *savoir vivre* to receive the sixty-nine-year-old cabman when he arrived in town in his blue overcoat and white stovepipe hat (Mayor Walker of New York would have been better inspired), but it is barely possible that the common laughter with which thousands of persons of varying speech and race followed Hartmann's drive to Paris may be as effective in disclosing the absurdity of war as all the solemn pacts which the politicians in silk hats propose, with their hand on their revolver pockets.

"YALE'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION to her students consists in teaching them: I. What the term education means, and II. That they are not possessed of such a thing." Such is the rather harsh indictment of the Yale educational machine made by the Student Council in its report on Yale pedagogy. The outstanding criticism is that Yale, like other institutions of higher learning, has failed to adjust her curriculum to the "unprecedented body of knowledge" of the modern age, and has become, as a result, far too departmentalized. The freshman is confronted with a great array of courses, each separate and distinct from the others, and scant effort is made to help him orient himself. He is simply set loose in the sea of Yale culture, with certain technical and at times unintelligent "group requirements" as guides. At the end of four years he finds that he has a wide smattering of knowledge in numerous fields; he has taken some work in science, history, Latin, some modern foreign language, and literature, and still more work in other subjects; but it is the rare student who has a really comprehensive understanding in any particular field of knowledge. The report recommends, therefore, that the university provide orientation or survey courses in the natural and social sciences to help the student find his main interest; and that capable students should be freed from petty requirements and be allowed to concentrate in their chosen field. In this way, these students argue, original thinking can be developed; under the old plan it is penalized.

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The Case of Andrew Mellon

WHOM the Republican Convention nominates lies, clearly, in the hands of Andrew Mellon. Hooverites and anti-Hoover allies agree that he holds the scales. He is the czar of the party, with power beyond that of any other single man. And opportunely, just at the moment of the convention, comes Senator Walsh's report upon the Continental Trading Company's dealings, and upon Secretary Mellon's strange actions in regard to them.

Senator Walsh does not lash out at the Secretary of the Treasury with the scorn with which he lambastes Stewart and Osler and Blackmer, Sinclair and Hays and Fall. But he recites the cold facts, and the cold facts, analyzed and considered, are damning enough. Senator Walsh, we understand, expected that the press would pick up his recital of Secretary Mellon's action or lack of action, and was disappointed that it received such scant publicity. But there seems to be something sacrosanct in the person of the Pittsburgh millionaire, and the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" has again gone unscathed.

Yet it is important, particularly so at a time when Mr. Mellon is naming the candidate, shaping the platform, and dictating the policy of the Republican Party, that the people of the United States should understand how their Secretary of the Treasury acted when faced with what Senator Walsh has called "the most stupendous piece of thievery known to our annals or perhaps to those of any other country."

The facts are these: In November, 1923, Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent to Mr. Mellon, who is reputed to be the third richest man in the United States, a package containing $50,000 in Liberty bonds. Subsequently Mr. Hays called on Mr. Mellon, told him that he had received close to $300,000 in bonds from Harry F. Sinclair, and asked Mr. Mellon to accept the $50,000 as a loan and in return to lend a similar sum to the Republican National Committee. This was, to be sure, an extraordinary proposition, but Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hays agree in their recollection of it. Mr. Mellon kept the bonds for about ten days, then sent them by messenger to Mr. Hays, and a few days later—on December 6, 1923—sent Mr. Hays his personal check for $50,000 as a contribution to the campaign deficit of 1920.

Now there is a certain chronology to be observed. In April, 1922, Teapot Dome had been leased to Harry Sinclair by Senator Fall. That same month Senator La Follette introduced the resolution calling for investigation of the oil leases, but hearings did not begin for seventeen months. Meanwhile Fall had resigned as Secretary of the Interior, and become attorney for the Sinclair and Doheny companies. The hearings opened on October 22, 1923, but the sensational testimony began on November 30, when Fall's neighbors reported his sudden prosperity just prior to the execution of the oil leases. This came out in the precise period between Mellon's receipt of the Sinclair bonds from Hays and his own contribution to the campaign deficit. Yet, according to Mr. Mellon, he either did not notice these facts or they did not arouse his curiosity.

It was in January that the great scandal broke. On December 26 Fall, pleading inability to attend because of illness, sent a letter to the committee saying that he had received $100,000 as a loan from E. B. McLean, publisher of the Washington *Post*. On January 3 McLean, by wire and through his attorney, confirmed the lie. (Incidentally, at just this time McLean, Fall, and Bascom Slemp, who is now one of the Hoover lieutenants at Kansas City, were conferring in Palm Beach.) On January 11 McLean and Fall admitted to Senator Walsh that they had lied. The storm broke; on January 29 the President was directed to start suit to cancel the oil leases, and in mid-February he named Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomerene as special counsel for that purpose.

Roberts and Pomerene had an uphill task. We know more now than we knew then. Bit by bit the pieces of a patchwork quilt of conspiracy and corruption have been discovered and stitched together. Roberts and Pomerene had before them what Senator Walsh had uncovered; they dug for themselves; they obtained, for a time, the cooperation of Treasury secret-service agents. It was Secretary Mellon's own agents who in 1924 pored over the records of the Continental Trading Company in the Dominion Bank in New York City and discovered the strange circumstances of its brief but profitable existence. There are still portions of this story which are not clear, but this much has, after four years of inquiry, evasion, and reinvestigation, come out: that a corporation called the Continental Trading Company was created overnight for the purpose of a single transaction; that it realized a profit of $3,000,000 in one day's existence, then quietly passed out; that this immense profit was divided into four parts, and Liberty bonds to a total of $750,000 each were handed to Harry M. Blackmer and James E. O'Neil, who had in January, 1924, fled to France; to Robert W. Stewart, who at the same time left for South America; and to Harry F. Sinclair; and that the $230,500—or more—of these bonds which Sinclair paid to Fall were part of his packet, as were the $270,000 turned over by Sinclair to help Hays meet the Republican Party deficit.

Yet throughout the period in which Roberts and Pomerene, and, later, Senator Walsh and his committee were painstakingly digging out and piecing together this evidence not a peep or a suggestion ever came to help them from Andrew W. Mellon. He knew that Fall had made the lease to Sinclair; he knew, at least in the later years, of the Continental Trading Company; he knew that Sinclair had handed Will Hays hundreds of thousands of dollars in Liberty bonds. But until the chance discovery in March, 1928, of a penciled notation, "Andy," among the papers of the late John T. Pratt, Secretary Mellon remained as silent as a clam. Only when Senator Walsh sent him a copy of that memorandum did Mr. Mellon come forward and tell the story of Will Hays and the Sinclair bonds, which would have provided the key to the whole mystery four years earlier.

To quote the language of Senator Walsh's report to the United States Senate:

> Secretary Mellon was unaware of the fact that the bonds tendered him came from the Continental, but he

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knew they were contributed by Sinclair, for Hays told him so, and he had information, apparently from some other source, that Sinclair had made a huge contribution in bonds toward liquidating the debt of the [Republican National] committee, understood by Mellon to have been in an amount approximating $300,000. No other contributor gave anything like such sum and the limit to which Mellon himself cared to go or was asked to go was $50,000, though, according to common repute, he is one of the wealthiest men in America.

In this connection it should be recalled that the great concession of Sinclair, charged to have been corruptly secured, was at the time actually under investigation. No explanation was offered by the Secretary as to why he did not communicate to government counsel the invaluable information in his possession concerning Sinclair's extraordinary generosity to the committee, for use in the suit instituted a few months thereafter to annul the lease of the Teapot Dome, and which was brought to trial a year later, nor why he did not acquaint the committee, charged with the duty devolving upon it by Senate Resolution 101 of ascertaining what disposition had been made of the Continental bonds, with the obviously pertinent fact that a short time after they were by it acquired through transactions in which Sinclair had prominently figured, he [Sinclair] had turned over to Hays bonds of the same issue aggregating, as the Secretary understood, in the neighborhood of $300,000.

It will be borne in mind that the Treasury itself prosecuted for government counsel, under their direction, the inquiry which opened the books of the Dominion Bank and revealed the purchase of the bonds by it for the Continental and the distribution of them from time to time in four parcels, each containing an equal amount and going, presumably, to Sinclair, Stewart, Blackmer, and O'Neil, respectively, as in fact, as later established, they did go.

Though Secretary Mellon had no definite information that the bonds Hays got from Sinclair were Continental bonds, the slightest attention to facts presumably within his knowledge would have made such an inference all but irresistible, even if he were not prompted by the official duty of collecting the income tax, obviously due from the Continental, to make searching inquiry into what had become of its bonds. . . .

The transactions from which the Continental realized profits in excess of $3,000,000 became known to the representatives of the government some time prior to January, 1925. The secret-service agents of the government having access to the books of the Dominion Bank had knowledge of the account of the Continental Trading Company and of the distribution of its assets. No explanation has been offered for the failure of the Treasury for nearly three years to exact payment of the tax due from it. A suit brought against the distributees would have brought out all the essential facts developed by the committee, affording, as it would, an opportunity to examine under oath the participants in the unsavory affair, including Blackmer and O'Neil, before they fled beyond seas. Before the hearings had progressed very far the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury was called to the probability that a tax was due from the Continental Trading Company and to the likelihood that it had made no return.

Here we come again to the strange incompetence, to put the best possible face upon the matter, of Andrew Mellon. His own secret-service agents discovered the evidence of the Continental profit back in 1924. Yet for four years, so far as the record discloses, no Treasury official moved to collect anything in unpaid taxes. On February 6, 1928, Senator Walsh wrote to Mr. Mellon asking whether any tax had been collected upon the $3,000,000 profit of the Continental company. On February 10 Mr. Mellon replied that none had been received, but, he added, his agents were "following closely" the investigations and court proceedings!

Within two months after Senator Walsh's inquiry the Treasury gathered in taxes, interest, and penalties, as a result of the Senatorial investigation, the sum of $2,005,007.28. But for Senator Walsh that sum would never have been received. Andrew Mellon, responsible Secretary of the Treasury, left the initiative throughout to the Senator from Montana. Yet there are those who complain of Senatorial inquiries; some say they are expensive. The cost of the recent Senate investigation was $14,165; as a result of its work, and despite the negligence of the man who dominates the Republican Party today, the government has already collected $2,000,000; it has just called upon Blackmer to pay more than $8,000,000 more; and surtaxes on the profits of the Continental are still due from those who made the $3,000,000 profit on its brief organization. Senator Walsh has earned his salary indeed; but what about the Secretary of the Treasury?

There are those to whom this story will seem like raking up dead leaves. But it is important if it reveals the character of the demigod of the Republicans. Does anyone believe that Andrew Mellon, the wisest politician of them all, never thought of those Sinclair bonds in the days when the Teapot Dome scandal was the talk of every breakfast, lunch, and dinner-table in Washington? He admitted on the witness-stand that he had discussed the Teapot Dome business with Will Hays at the time of the hearings. Is one to assume that he and Will Hays were discussing how best they could serve their country, how they could bring malefactors to justice, how they could put an end to corruption? It is more likely that Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, and Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, smiled at the earnest, plodding Senators who seemed to have lost the trail. Neither Andrew Mellon nor any other of the bosses at Kansas City ever raised a little finger to stop the grafters, or peeped in protest against the wholesale corruption which reached into the President's Cabinet itself.

If one cesspool has been drained, if the oil lands are back in government hands, if the fear of God and the Senate has been put into the heads of a few captains of industry, and some portion of their ill-gotten gains been recovered by the government, the people owe thanks not to Andrew Mellon, not to his equally impassive Cabinet colleague Herbert Hoover, not to the gang who are bargaining and trading votes and seats at the convention, but to the little group of progressive Senators, Republican and Democratic, who have stood firm in the face of every sort of discouragement and by infinite, painstaking toil have done the work which Andrew Mellon and other government officials should have done. It was the elder La Follette who started the Teapot Dome investigation; it was the steady, painstaking work of Senator Walsh which dug out the facts; it was the support in the Senate of men like Wheeler of Montana, Norris of Nebraska, and Brookhart and Ladd and Nye, chairmen of Senate committees, which forced the facts upon public attention. The bulk of the Democrats, even in the Senate, still seem awed by the giant figure of Andrew Mellon; and the Republicans adore him. It is high time that the public woke up.

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Chains F. O. B.

WHEN United States marines were sent back into Nicaragua late in 1926 it was predicted by the knowing that they would be followed shortly by a loan. For in our Caribbean relations loans and marines go together. A big, husky marine feels superfluous without a defenseless (and frequently indefensible) loan to protect, while a loan which goes to Central America without a marine escort finds its reputation practically ruined in its home town. To be sure there were some foreign hussies in the way of loans to which the marines might have made up even in 1926, but representatives from the United States had been missing since 1924, when Nicaragua paid off the last of its thirteen-year indebtedness to Brown Brothers and J. and W. Seligman, regaining thereby a measure of control of its government bank and railway system.

So the marines were a bit lonely when they got back to Nicaragua late in 1926. But not for long. The next spring, sure enough, a loan put in an appearance, wearing a Wall Street brocaded silk, rolling its blue eyes in a way that absolutely compelled protection, and bearing introductory letters from the Guaranty Trust Company and Nicaragua's old friends J. and W. Seligman. But the new loan was a tiny thing, merely $1,000,000, and (lest the folks at home be alarmed) it was expressly provided that the visit was to be for one year only. The program seems to have been carried out, too, so that a few weeks ago the minister in the United States from the Kellogg-Diaz regime in Nicaragua was able to announce unctuously that his country didn't owe a cent to Wall Street and that the frequently heard cry of financial imperialism in connection with the policy of the United States was the fancy of a disordered brain.

He didn't speak any too soon. Had he delayed a few days longer his words would have tripped over a dispatch from Washington, telling of negotiations for a new loan, this time for $12,000,000 and on no such flying visit as a year. For since our marines were sent back to Nicaragua late in 1926 Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg have got us in there very deep indeed. Acting as their representative, Henry L. Stimson a year ago pledged the assistance of the armed forces of the United States in the job of disarming such part of the Liberal army as refused his bribe of $10 per rifle to surrender. Where Mr. Stimson got this authority nobody knows. In fact the Department of State denied the agreement until publication of the correspondence made that too difficult a feat even for the nimble excuse-makers of the foreign service. Nor does anybody know where Mr. Coolidge got his authority for an agreement with Puppet President Diaz (likewise kept secret until it was forced out a year later) that the national elections should be carried out under the direction of the United States, without any meddling by the Nicaraguan Congress. But all this has taken place. We are conducting a war in Nicaragua, and although Congress is supposed to have the sole power to declare such a state it has not had the courage to halt Presidential interference, but has weakly acquiesced on the ground that otherwise our "prestige" would suffer.

Nobody can see the end of our adventure in Nicaragua at the moment. The oft-announced plan of Washington to conduct the elections next autumn and then withdraw is pooh-poohed even by Colonel Clifford D. Ham who has just resigned after sixteen years in Nicaragua as Collector General of Customs (for Wall Street bankers). The marines should not be withdrawn after the elections, said Colonel Ham, when interviewed in Balboa on June 7, or Nicaragua would have the worst revolution in its history.

And so a $12,000,000 loan is under discussion. But how much of this will go toward the development of Nicaragua commercially or culturally? How much of it will be for productive purposes, which Herbert Hoover (much to the annoyance of Secretary Kellogg) recently declared to be the only justification for foreign lendings? Well, $6,089,000 is earmarked for the consolidation of debts now outstanding, while, in the language of a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, "approximately $6,000,000 would be used in payment of claims arising from the revolution, organization of the National Guard, construction of public works, and the expenses of the election." Thus half of the loan would go for ancient dead horse and most of the other half for horse deceased since the return of the marines in 1926. The "claims arising from the revolution"—estimated at $2,000,000—are almost entirely due to our interference, as otherwise the Diaz regime would never have come into existence, or lasted a month if it had, and the election is entirely our plaything. How much of the $6,000,000 will remain for "public works" may be left to the imagination.

Who says our country has lost its thrift? Not so long as it proposes to make weaker nations pay it for depriving them of their independence; not if it can clamp a new set of chains on Nicaragua, shipping them F. O. B.

The Control of the Press

EVERY day brings fresh evidence of the international movement toward consolidation of newspaper ownership. In Great Britain whenever a paper is offered for sale it is at once offered to the Berry brothers, or to Lord Rothermere, or to Lord Beaverbrook. Last month Lord Rothermere bought the Derby *Telegraph*, and its weekly, the *Reporter*, while the Berry brothers purchased the *Express*, and its weekly, the *Mercury*. Even more striking was the recent sale of the Aberdeen newspapers, the *Press and Journal*, the only morning newspaper published in the entire north of Scotland, and the *Evening Express*, and the *Weekly Journal* to the Berry brothers. As the first two are virtually the only important newspapers in the upper part of Scotland, this gives the Berrys almost complete control of public opinion in that portion of the United Kingdom. The only competition is a Labor evening newspaper. Curiously enough, the sale of these Aberdeen papers was made to the Berrys, although Lord Rothermere's offer was $1.50 per share higher. The Rothermere interests do not concede the validity of this sale at a lower price than they offered, and the matter may be taken to the courts. Politically, of course, it makes no difference which of the groups wins, for both are, like Lord Beaverbrook, Conservative.

How long will it be before 80 or 90 per cent of the British dailies are owned by one of these two groups? They must be near the first figure now. Meanwhile, the Liberal press of Great Britain is getting weaker, as was shown by the recent disappearance of that valuable daily, the *Westminster Gazette*, so long and so ably edited by J. Alfred Spender. In announcing its amalgamation with the *Daily*

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News, the management said that it hoped to achieve a circulation of a million readers. This, it declared, was essential to the proper well-being and influence of a daily journal in London—which tells the story of the way British newspapers, like the American, fight for more readers in order to gain more advertising in order to meet the constantly rising costs of production. It also explains the difficulty of starting a new daily in London, and why it is that the Labor Party, with millions of voters, has only one struggling daily journal to uphold its cause.

In this country Frank E. Gannett by his purchase of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* has added a fourteenth daily to his holdings. Only a few months ago he purchased the Hartford *Times*, which has the largest circulation of any daily in New England outside of Boston. In purchasing the *Democrat and Chronicle* Mr. Gannett has obtained control of what was, during the Cleveland days, the most influential daily, politically, in New York outside of New York City. Long the organ of E. Prentiss Bailey, it maintained extremely high standards of editorial writing and news reporting. In Mr. Gannett's hands it will be a member of a distinctly liberal group of newspapers. No one, we think, will suggest that Mr. Gannett is extending his newspaper holdings for the purpose of controlling public opinion, either for personal prestige or for political power, but the fact remains that such chains are growing every day, and that the press of the country tends to concentrate in the hands of a comparatively small number of men. With amalgamations and discontinuances taking place every day, and the difficulties of starting new newspapers almost insuperable, even for the very rich, it is hard to see how this tendency can be overcome.

In Germany similar developments are recorded. Alfred Hugenberg, business man and politician, owns the leading news service, the leading moving-picture company, one of the leading advertising agencies, and a long string of newspapers. Mr. Hugenberg was chairman of the board of directors of the Krupp Works during the war; he entered journalism in 1920 because the great industrial magnates of the country had become alarmed at the growing power of the Socialist and Democratic press. He already owns dozens of newspapers outright, and supplies no fewer than 1,600 newspapers with telegraphic news and even with editorial matter which some of the weaker papers are glad to print in the absence of adequate local editorial writers. In five fields he has won in eight years a most alarming influence: movies, advertising and propaganda, national and international telegraphic service, the press of the capital, and that of the provinces. He thus controls the news, and controls opinion, and he can specify whose picture shall be shown in thousands of movies, and whose shall be excluded. It is, of course, not true that all of these sixteen hundred newspapers take news only from Hugenberg; there is another competitive news service. But his indirect control of many of these newspapers is not to be questioned. Many have had to mortgage their plants to Hugenberg, buy their supplies from affiliated companies, and get their advertisements from him. Nor does his control end with the daily press; he has taken over several of the largest magazine publishing concerns in Germany. Is it any wonder that this "strong, silent man," who keeps himself in the background, is looked upon as a grave menace to the development of the country from the liberal point of view? Fortunately the last German election, with its trend to the Socialists and Democrats, shows that there is still independent thinking in that country, and that Mr. Hugenberg is not yet its press Kaiser. Perhaps everywhere concentration of newspaper ownership will be followed by a decline in its political influence. But the immediate peril remains.

Fraxinus Sambucifolia

THERE is an American tree which stands straight and dark in swampy places, a tree with several American and European cousins better known than it and more anciently respected. It is *Fraxinus sambucifolia*, the black ash, and it is in many respects less admirable than the great white ash whose ungainly gray branches contain the tough, light wood of our ax-helves; nor do legends sleep under it such as dignify that same white cousin whose ancestor was the sacred tree of the Norsemen, vast Yggdrasill of the earth-encircling roots; nor, so far as we know, was it ever the subject of beliefs by primitive man relating to lightning and the paths of serpents. But it is a tree of good standing, nevertheless, and it has its uses—noble or not, according to one's point of view.

It chiefly provides something for human beings to sit on. There is an old man in almost any community of New England who knows where it grows, and who as he walks the wetter paths keeps a sharp eye out for specimens that he can cut and carry home. One day he chops a black ash down, lops off the branches which he will not use, and wanders home with the straight, dark shaft on his shoulder. He throws it on his wood-pile, waits a month if he likes, and then one day goes out with an ax and begins to pound it systematically, up and down and around and around. He is loosening the grain, which in this remarkable trunk grows in concentric cylinders quite separable from one another if a man knows how to pound them. As the first layer of thin, indestructible fiber yields itself to his hands he tears it along in strips, winds those strips around his wrist, ties them with pieces of cord, and stores them on a shelf indoors. Thence on a rainy day he will take them down, and begin to mend a chair. For it is the bottom of a chair that will be made out of his ashen ribbons, dampened until they are pliable and plaited until they become the simplest of resilient cushions.

The chair is brought him by a summer resident, a lady perhaps who has been rummaging in the attic of her converted homestead and who has found three or four hickory skeletons cast there long ago. She has heard of the old man —something of an artist he is, though he does not know it— and has driven in her car to ask him what he can do with the skeleton. He will put flesh on it if he can take his time. He takes the time. He waits for a day when he can do nothing else; he clears the floor of the kitchen; he litters it again with curling strips of gray-tan wood which the cats and the dogs play with as they disappear into the seat of a simple chair; and in the fall when the lady drives up again she finds a trim, plain piece of furniture for her pains. "How much, Mr. Bailey?" "Two dollars, I guess, though they tell me it's worth more some places. And if you ever tried to do it you would think it was worth that much. But there it is." And off she goes. And if she ever comes back with the chair it will be to another man; for this one will be long outlived by the black ash he wove.

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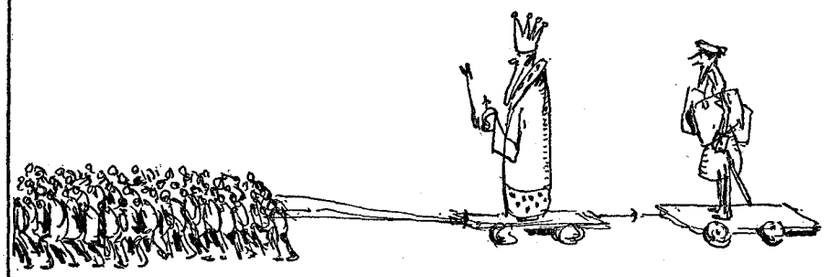

Once upon a time there were a lot of people who, wherever they went, dragged along two toys. One was called the King and the other was called the Official.

But one day the people got tired of dragging along a silly toy which was of no earthly use and they got rid of the King.

Then they continued their way with their second toy, called the Official, and when they looked back, behold, it had grown a hundred times larger than ever the King had been.

A Fairy Story

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I DO not understand why anybody deplores the injection of the religious issue into the coming Presidential campaign. Deplore it or not, the issue is in and will remain there. And a good thing too!

Some people speak of this factor as if it meant a discussion of creeds and dogma from every stump. That is not quite it. The voters will have to decide in November whether church and state are to be truly separate. This is not an anti-Catholic argument, for whatever the past or future of that church may be it seems to me that the Protestant denominations are far more active in the field of direct action than is the older organization. Indeed, the Evangelical Protestant churches have gone to the length of demanding the veto privilege in regard to the candidate in both parties.

Clarence True Wilson, speaking through the Board of Temperance and Public Morals, has stated the issue very frankly. Referring to Governor Smith he says: "The Dry organizations have solemnly committed themselves to war upon such a candidacy. Political parties owe something to such vast constituencies. No party has a right to crowd organizations which are essentially religious and benevolent into a position where they must and will stand in opposition to a party candidate."

But that right does exist and must be exercised. Without such "crowding" the two-party system of the United States becomes perfectly meaningless. Obviously "vast constituencies" which believe in the usefulness of national prohibition have a right and a duty to vote against any candidate who seems to them a Wet. But the Dry organizations are attempting something much more far-reaching than that. Their present effort is to prevent any vote at all upon the issue.

Senator Borah has been vociferous in asking that the Republican Party come out strongly and frankly for enforcement without any straddle whatsoever. But that will serve to clarify the situation only in event that the Democrats are equally positive in taking the other position. If both parties declare in favor of enforcement in about the same phrases the voter will be left to decide which group is lying.

The question is broader than prohibition. We are told that the whole structure of American government is tottering because of lax enforcement. This may be so, but it is even more easy to undermine our institutions by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity. The members of these bodies constitute a minority, but through bi-partisan activities and pressure politics it has been possible for them to terrorize both parties. Their concern has been largely confined to the liquor issue, but the same system may be used in regard to the tariff, the League of Nations, or any other public problem.

To be sure, it would not be fair to blame all evasion upon the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League, but it stands today as the greatest single factor against truthfulness in public life. In the last Presidential election not one lone issue was clearly drawn between the two major parties and at the present time the electoral machinery of the United States makes chaos a distinct possibility in the event of third-party movements. When no issues are at stake an election becomes farcical and no reasonable censure may be visited upon those voters who stay at home or take a fishing trip.

Both sides in the quarrel ought to be fair-minded enough to admit that prohibition is an issue. To many observers the contending forces seem evenly matched. Possibly the country as a whole is Dry, but at the very least the minority is considerable. Some of the Anti-Saloon Leaguers take the attitude that the question has already been settled and must not be voted on again. This is not in accord with democratic practice. There is nothing in American tradition which holds that one victory gives permanent possession.

Of course, the Constitution makes the repeal of any amendment extremely difficult. That flaw in structure has been attended to by the practice of nullification. The word is used to frighten all those who would change things as they are, but it has an honorable history for all that. Whether you like it or not the American practice has always been to let unpopular laws or Constitutional provisions die by attrition rather than by the sharp knife of repeal. If there is a large group of persons who desire to express themselves in regard to prohibition that right should not be denied by a vast filibuster conducted through a well-organized religious minority.

Such conduct is unpatriotic as well as shortsighted. Lovers of Volsteadism ought to welcome a showdown. If the country is Dry in its demands nothing can strengthen enforcement more than an election with the issue fairly drawn. A smashing victory for a Dry Republican against a Wet Democrat would double the price of bootleg gin even in the city of New York. A landslide could mean the end of speak-easies. But whatever the result the American practice at one time was to meet issues by voting on them. If the Drys have their way in Kansas City, as seems likely at the moment, they should encourage the nomination of Smith at Houston instead of fighting against it. Certainly the clamor for revision of the Volstead Act can never be stilled by arranging to have both candidates pledged to support it.

I feel that the voters ought to show the Evangelical churches that they can not only be crowded but squelched if the occasion arises. By a somewhat ironical twist of circumstances the division of church and state can be best brought about in the year 1928 by electing a Catholic. Of course, this means fighting fire with fire. The Catholic church does play politics in this country, but for the most part it functions in municipal elections. It is far less powerful in national affairs than the Methodists and the Baptists. This condition may not exist forever. The Catholic church might conceivably perfect in time some organization like the Anti-Saloon League. But we can meet that issue when we come to it. The intelligent voter, like a chess player, should always see a few moves ahead. It seems to me that he should vote for Smith now for the sake of freedom and keep in mind the fact that in 1932 it may be highly expedient to swat him by electing some good Unitarian.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Kansas City Gossip

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Kansas City, June 12

THE hour has come. The Republican Party, whose leaders declare that it alone is fit to govern, is taking seats in the convention hall utterly confused, utterly bogged, realizing only that this so-called "representative body, representing the will and the choice of the millions of Republican voters," is entirely in the hands of the richest man in Pennsylvania and his aid, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Will somebody please page Al Smith and ask him to look at this spectacle? It was he who on Washington's birthday, last, declared that we have no plutocracy and that we are not governed by plutocrats.

But while the delegates sit dumbly, waiting for the oracles to speak, the joke of it all is that the oracles have no more sense of policy or program than the delegates themselves. They appear just as befuddled. At this writing no one believes that they have brought any message from the Sphinx in the White House. Those familiar with the psychology of Mr. Coolidge believe that he will not speak again until after the first ballot, if then. Aside from this handicap, the Old Guard leaders are trying to head off the one man for whom there is a genuine public demand—who is also the man who will make the worst run if chosen. As to the farmer revolt, one hears the most amazingly conflicting evidence, but it seems certain that Hoover will win by default if in no other way.

The Allied leadership remains stupid beyond belief. It might have been organized two months ago. Now they are desperately trying to stop what could easily have been checked then. Mellon's confusion, too, is due to inability to fix on a leader as an alternative to Hoover—it is an open secret that he would not dislike to be that alternative himself. There are trustworthy observers here who really believe that Coolidge would like to be nominated in order then to decline with a magnificent gesture of Spartan self-denial.

The only thing that stands out clearly at this moment is the implacable hostility of the Coolidge Administration to Governor Lowden. It would seem as if, were Coolidge complimented by a vote or the nomination, he might then let the nomination go to the man who speaks for 60 per cent of the elected Congressmen and Senators of the party so far as the McNary-Haugen bill is concerned. No one sees any sign that Lowden will ever be welcome to the Administration.

So the first of these quadrennial political circuses begins. Another chapter in the great game of fooling the American people is being written. Once more the pretense is made that this is a conclave of intelligent American citizens, meeting to counsel together solemnly as to the best man to lead the Republican cohorts to victory, and to decide how the doctrine of Abraham Lincoln shall be amplified, modified, or expanded. Of all the conventions I have attended this seems to me by far the greatest exhibition of cowardice, hypocrisy, and stupidity. If anybody still believes that the ordinary politician has horse-sense and an understanding of what the people want, let him hire an airplane and fly here. He will be convinced within an hour that the supply of gray matter to the political individual is far below the average to be found in any village of the hills or plains. To go to the several headquarters, especially to hear those two self-seeking Americans, Curtis of Kansas, and Watson of Indiana, orating to the visitors to whom they are trying to sell themselves, is to realize that the Presidency has sunk low indeed and might by right be next aspired to by the barkers of any country sideshow. To see Jim Watson preening himself like a vain peacock without its beautiful feathers is to tempt one to use Henry Mencken's favorite word, obscenity. More than half of this man's political intimates in Indiana are in jail or ought to be there. By the grace of God he is safe so far, but for him boldly to offer himself for the Presidency is a flaming insult to the office.

There seems to be something demoralizing in this atmosphere. The delegates are without real enthusiasm or zest. In the elevators one hears them bewailing the absence of excitement and wondering what the trouble is. Even Governor Lowden seems to be demoralized. He has not only made the mistake of allowing the leadership of the Allied campaign against Hoover to be taken over by L. L. Emmerson, the very Emmerson who cost him the nomination eight years ago by buying some of the Missouri delegates. He has also got in wrong with the press here by refusing to say where he stands on the question of prohibition. At first he said that he did not hear the question. Finally he declared it to be an improper one. The correspondents stood their ground, and the fact that he was a candidate did not prevent his getting a severe drubbing from the men who, accustomed as they are to making their living by reporting the deeds of political cowards, were aghast at this refusal of Mr. Lowden to state his view on one of the foremost issues of the campaign. He is very brave when it comes to telling where he stands on farm relief, but on other issues he is just like Al Smith and Herbert Hoover and is unwilling to take the voters into his confidence until he has the nomination in his pocket.

Yet Mr. Lowden remains the best of the candidates from the strictly party point of view, especially if the party desires to win next fall. The people here do not realize it, but the party is now reaping the results of seven years of Coolidge leadership with its inability to take any public position until compelled to and its inability to create or develop leaders. The only message that seems to have come from Mr. Coolidge is his undying opposition to the McNary-Haugen bill. People arriving here who have been recently at the White House say that they have been urged to come to prevent any indorsement of that doctrine.

Finally there remains the curious fact that the fate of the party rests in the hands of two utterly unemotional men, without dramatic instinct or the desire to play a dramatic role. They have really not sought, neither Coolidge nor Mellon, to be placed in this position. They do not know how to handle it bravely and boldly like great political generals. They have simply drifted into it, and if the outcome is Hoover they will be anything but happy. And this is the one hundred and fifty-third year of American independence.

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The Liberal Revival in England

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, May 20

THERE is substantial agreement among the wise men of politics that a general election in Britain, which must in accordance with law take place before the close of 1929, will actually occur in the spring of next year, probably after the launching of a budget with electoral appeal. The three party organizations are busily girding themselves for battle, raising funds, forming programs, arranging speaking campaigns. So far as finance is concerned, the Conservatives always have plenty, the Liberal Party is amply served from the notorious "Lloyd George fund," the Labor Party alone is in a serious quandary. For though they can work at less cost than other parties, and can command more gratuitous aid, the sum they need is large, and the trade-union funds upon which they can usually rely are depleted by the losses of the general strike and large calls for unemployment. None the less, it is certain that three-cornered contests will take place in nearly all the towns and in all save those purely agricultural constituencies in which the Labor Party has virtually no footing.

It may, I think, be taken as certain that the Government's majority will be virtually annihilated, unless some dramatically new situation should arise to save them. Their administration has been uniformly unsuccessful. Their handling of the coal crisis, their attack upon the political fund of the trade unions, their failure to cope with depressed trade and unemployment have exasperated the working classes without enhancing their prestige with business men. Their wealthy supporters chafe under high taxation, and the inability of the Government to satisfy the eager demands of their protectionist followers deprives them of the one enthusiasm which really counts in a party that does not even profess a coherent policy. Without lifting a finger to help, they have trusted in an automatic recovery of pre-war prosperity which has not come, and they must pay the price of this infatuation.

The recent course of by-elections has been almost uniformly disastrous for them. They have lost a number of seats to Labor, several even to Liberals, while in nearly every instance where they saved their seats their majority has dwindled. But though their original majority in Parliament, after the 1924 election, has been somewhat diminished, its huge size has enabled them easily to escape defeat in the House and to defy public opinion in the country. Of the 615 seats, they occupied no fewer than 413, as compared with 150 for Labor and 39 for the discredited Liberals. Their present majority is nearly 190, which presents a heavy task to the broken progressive forces of the electorate. Though Labor leaders express sanguine views in public as to a sweeping victory, they know quite well the limitations of its possibility. To get a small working majority they would need to win 150 seats. However well they did in the towns and industrial country areas, they could not hope to make anything like this number of gains, and their rural policy has made no real impression in agricultural England. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that Labor will be in a position to form a government next year independent of Liberal support.

The belief, sedulously cultivated in Labor quarters, that the Liberal Party was doomed to early extinction as a political force is without foundation. By common consent they are greatly under-represented in the present House of Commons. In 1924 they were caught in a feeble state, with bitter personal animosity among the leaders, and no constructive policy capable of enthusing their followers. The reconciliation recently achieved between the Lloyd George faction and the adherents of the late Lord Oxford, better known as Asquithites, doubtless leaves some unhealed sores, but the unity it has established has invigorated the rank and file of the party in the constituencies. Even apart from the fame and wizardry of Lloyd George, still unimpaired among the masses, the party is well equipped in intellectual and moral leadership.

But far more important than leaders and an ample fund is the injection of new principles and policies accomplished by the brains and energy of a little group of politicians, intellectuals, and enlightened business men, loosely styled the New Liberals. The moving minds in this work are Mr. J. Maynard Keynes, Mr. W. T. Layton, editor of the *Economist;* Mr. Henderson of the London *Nation,* Sir Josiah Stamp, Mr. Ramsay Muir, historian, and two or three Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturers like Mr. E. D. Simon and Mr. B. S. Rowntree. The fruits of some two years of intensive inquiry into the economic situation have been garnered in a closely reasoned and well-documented report on "Britain's Industrial Future," which may be said to mark a new era of Liberalism. Primarily addressing themselves to the solution of our grave economic problems by non-political reforms in technique, organization, and finance, the reformers found themselves inevitably drawn into an abandonment of the older laissez-faire doctrines and policies associated with nineteenth-century Liberalism and a bold recognition of the many services which a modern progressive state must play in social-economic reconstruction. While its exponents disclaim the name and purpose of socialism, in the sense of national ownership and operation, the spirit of socialism none the less informs the body of their proposals. The repudiation of individualism stands out most strongly in the broad and expanding interpretation of what they term a "public concern," that is, "a form of organization which departs in one way or another from the principles of unrestricted private profit, and is operated or regulated in the public interest."

Some of these public concerns are of course owned and administered by the state or the municipality, or by publicly appointed boards or commissions removed from direct political control; others, such as building and provident societies and the great cooperative organization, carry close restrictions on their profit-making powers. There are also important groups of undertakings, including railways, tramways, gas, water, and electricity, where statutory regulations control profits and prices, though the capital re-

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mains in private hands. Taken in all, these publicly owned or regulated concerns are estimated to comprise "at least two-thirds of what could be called the large-scale undertakings of the country" measured in terms of capital, though a smaller proportion if measured in terms of employment. The New Liberals look to enlarging the number of public concerns, not by nationalization in the ordinary sense of the term but by encouraging concentration and organization of industries under managements in which all the factors of production shall be duly represented, and the consumers' interests adequately safeguarded. So far as this involves governmental action, it shall be kept as far as possible out of "politics." The old theory that competition is essential for efficiency and as the only security for the consumer is displaced by a frank acceptance of cartelization and other modes of combination needed to secure economies of manufacture and of marketing.

The problem how to prevent monopolies from pursuing a selfish profiteering career to the detriment of their employees and the consuming public receives close attention; and a policy of wages and price regulation is developed with a considerable variety of expedients. But the New Liberalism, though allotting a large industrial sphere to private capitalist enterprises, does not leave any business to unmitigated free contract. There runs throughout their creed the recognition of industry as an organic social process, making and distributing wealth in accordance with human welfare, and therefore requiring some social government of industry as a whole. The extension of Trade Boards, Whitley Councils, and the other machinery already existing for securing industrial peace and effective cooperation between capital and labor in the several trades should form the nucleus of this industrial government, resting as far as possible upon voluntary action of capital and labor in the several fields. Though certain statutory powers are contemplated, to give effectiveness to what is in origin and general character a set of voluntary cooperative controls, our Liberals are very chary of compulsory state interventions.

It is characteristic of this venture that, recognizing as they do the need of some central national control, which they visualize in a representative Council of Industry and an Economic General Staff, they should assign no mandatory powers to either body. Inquiry, reports, publicity, recommendations are to be their functions. And yet it is evident that they cannot and do not rely upon education, information, reason, and good-will alone to secure peace, prosperity, and progress for industry. The good government of this industrial system demands, as they conceive it, an intelligent regulation of the flow of new capital and labor, an improvement of wage and other conditions of employment in conformity with human efficiency, a limitation of profits, and in most businesses a fixed rate of interest and a distribution of surplus gains in accordance with "social utility." To insist that such controls, regulations, interferences with the operations of industry are not socialism is perhaps to open up an undesirable logomachy.

For our immediate purpose it is sufficient to speculate upon the early political significance of this attempt of Liberalism to develop a constructive economic policy, which to dispassionate observers would seem to go far to meet the reasonable demands both of trade unionists and the more moderate Socialists who constitute the vast majority of the members of our Labor Party. Though these bold proposals can hardly be said to have been digested by the rank and file of the Liberal Party, they have received a nearly unanimous indorsement of the party organization. Not only tacticians like Lloyd George and constructive radicals like Sir Herbert Samuel but some members of the old Manchester school, like Sir John Simon, have adopted the new gospel. Its more enthusiastic exponents regard it as a basis for a Liberal revival which may enable their party to displace Labor in a large number of its industrial strongholds. Reduced to simpler terms, and expressed in appealing slogans, there seems little doubt that this constructive Liberalism will win many seats next year, and may restore Liberals to a fairly strong position in the House. But can it help to displace Conservative Government by a progressive one? Unless Liberals can come to some working arrangement with Labor, a Liberal revival may actually play into the hands of reaction. For the New Liberals think to win back to their fold many voters who have recently gone over to Labor, as well as to rally round their flag the uncommitted moderates who, disgusted with the governmental failure, are unwilling to go over to undiluted Labor. It is evident that success in this appeal would help the Conservatives in a three-cornered fight, dividing their opponents into two more equalized minorities. This is so obvious that reasonable men in both progressive parties are anxious for some arrangement, cooperation, or even coalition between Liberals and Labor. But this is easier said than done. Both in the party headquarters and in the constituencies, bitter feelings prevail.

Labor leaders scout the possibility of working with Lloyd George, and denounce the insecurity of this sudden conversion of Liberals to socialism under another name. They are angry at the attempt to steal their thunder and tone down its pitch. Labor is naturally annoyed at Liberalism refusing to stay dead, and insists that the resurrected body is but an empty ghost. At any rate, there seems no present prospect of an amicable arrangement. Past relations have been such that, even if leaders favored cooperation for tactical reasons, they would be warned off by their fears of left-wing intransigence. For relations are already strained between Labor ex-Ministers and the I. L. P., with its attempt to impose "Socialism in Our Time" upon the party leaders. Though organized communism is insignificant in size and influence, there is a good deal of latent near-communism in the Clyde, South Wales, and in other industrial centers. Add to this that among Labor leaders there is a good deal of jealousy and fear of the personal capacity and political skill of the Liberal chieftains. So Labor still obstinately adheres to the notion of working for an independent majority in Parliament.

Whether this temper will hold against the teaching of experience at the polls remains to be seen. Should Liberals and Labor gain enough seats between them to give them a united majority, and the choice again lies between cooperation and the continuance of unstable reactionary government, there will, I think, be a strong disposition toward joint action upon considered terms. After all, opportunism and compromise are in our blood and our traditions, and at a time when circumstances so urgently demand bold constructive policies, it would seem nothing less than criminal for parties genuinely committed to so much common ground in social-economic reform, foreign policy, and finance to refuse to march together until that common ground has been exhausted.

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The Season in Moscow

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

II. The Plays

Moscow, May 17

THE stranger seeking an introduction to the contemporary drama in Russia could hardly do better than to see first of all "The Armored Train," now being frequently given at the Moscow Art Theater. Doubtless certain other productions, like that of "The Humming of the Rails" at the M. G. S. P. U., or of "Mandate" at Meyerhold's, are more completely characteristic of the newer tendencies, for the Art Theater still holds to many traditions of the past; but for that very reason it affords a better introduction for those who are anxious, not merely to experience the shock of strange things, but to understand the spirit of the new drama. In "The Armored Train" the themes with which this new drama is busy are treated in a familiar form—realistic melodrama of a very high order—and it furnishes therefore a very excellent bridge over which the comprehension may pass from the old to the new.

The action is laid at the time of the Civil War and the play is packed with varied, picturesque, and exciting incidents. There is, for example, one scene, really a one-act play by itself, in which the wife of a Communist agitator watches from a window while her husband is pursued and shot by a spy; and another, full of grim humor, in which an American soldier captured by the Bolsheviki saves his life by shouting "Viva Lenin!" at the appropriate moment. But complicated as the action is, the outline of the plot is simple enough: an armored train carrying a small detachment of White Guards is to speed across Siberia and a band of "partisans" (Red peasant guerrillas) is determined that it shall not. They could, of course, derail it, but the whole action as well as the whole ideological significance depends upon the fact that the Reds, with their passionate desire for machines which they can use, wish above all else that the engine shall come unharmed into their own hands. The scene of the climax is an embankment over which the train must pass during the night. Since the traffic rules provide that an engine shall come to a halt if it runs over anyone, the leader of the band suggests that one of its members shall put himself upon the rails. The others will hide; they will shoot the engineer when he stops; and so, at the cost of only one of their lives, they will have an opportunity to capture the train. Several men leap eagerly to the track, but at the first sound of a far-away whistle they get off again. Then one volunteer places himself across the rails, but he cannot lie quietly and, while his companions watch him with horrified fascination, he half-rises by reflex action again and again only to force himself back by an effort of will. The whistle sounds nearer, and as the moment approaches he calls out to his companions to end his torture with a bullet. Then, when but a few seconds remain, a Chinese dashes up the embankment, pushes the half-crazed man away, and substitutes himself. The first roar of the train is heard. Shrieking incomprehensible things to himself in his strange language, he writhes in agony and finally, with a supreme effort of will, lies prone on the rails. As the headlight of the oncoming train sweeps across the stage, the curtains drop from the sides, and though of course one has seen nothing of the train except the glare of its lights, the illusion is so perfectly maintained that the audience covers its face with its hands and shudders as it seems to feel the cut of the wheels through its collective body. Read in cold description the scene will probably suggest the old-fashioned American melodrama, but the actual effect is entirely different. The reality of the characters, together with the perfection of the motivation, raises the incident above the melodrama, and the acting, more passionately convincing than that which any but Russians can achieve, carries complete conviction.

Like most contemporary Russian plays "The Armored Train" is extremely long (it runs from 7:30 until 11:30), but of the dozen or more productions which I saw in Moscow it is the one which is most obviously suitable for transplantation to New York, for the reason, already suggested, that its form is familiar. In substance, however, it is completely typical of the newer drama, since it reflects, in its own more or less conventional way, the dominant interests of the movement. It reflects, that is to say, first, that passionate patriotic interest in the events of the Revolution which one finds everywhere in Moscow, and second, that almost idolatrous regard for the machine which colors with a sort of romanticism almost every contemporary Russian work of art. In Moscow people seem never to grow tired of reliving the events of their famous Ten Days or of celebrating in one way or another their half-mystic faith in the mechanisms of transportation and production. Perhaps a stranger who had not yet caught the atmosphere of the scene would miss the real meaning of "The Armored Train" by failing to perceive just where its spiritual center lies; but the play reaches its happy end, not when any individual triumphs or when any problem is settled, but when, in the last scene, the precious engine itself is brought into the shop which the Communists have just seized and stands there as a symbol of the passage of a mechanism into their hands.

The *theatrical methods* of Moscow are extremely varied, nearly always interesting, and apparently almost equally popular. I could not observe that audiences showed any decided preference for either the realism of the Art Theater, the simple naturalism of the trade-union theaters, or the mannerism of Meyerhold. But the concern of every theater and every audience is with essentially the same things. Underneath all the varieties of treatment lies a pattern which is fundamentally almost unvaried. The subject is usually either patriotic or sociological and the solution is commonly reached either when the red flag is raised ("The Breaking," "1917," "Liubova Yarovaya," "The Red Poppy") or when some piece of machinery begins to function ("Cement," "The Armored Train," "The Humming of the Rails"). How communism triumphed and how Com-

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munist Russia will be industrialized—these are the two subjects which seem to interest the audiences almost to the exclusion of all others, and it is patriotism, either militant or industrial, which furnishes the motives in nearly every new play.

Artists and audiences alike are rather contemptuous of what they regard as the trivial preoccupations of most other European drama. At Tairov's Theater they give, for instance, O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" because it implies a social protest, but his play-reader told me almost pityingly that as for "Strange Interlude," they had lost interest in that sort of psychologizing long ago; and the remark is typical of an attitude which leads them to be passionately interested in certain things and absolutely indifferent to others. Within the self-imposed limitations of subject matter there is, however, very considerable variety. "The Breaking," for example, treats the revolt on board the Aurora very effectively in a manner similar to that of "The Armored Train," and the extremely popular "Liubova Yarovaya" chooses a provincial town occupied alternately by the Reds and Whites as the scene of what appeared to me a rather forced action pointing to the simple moral that loyalty to the Communist cause must take precedence over all other loyalties. In it a woman very much in love with her husband discovers that he has gone over to the Whites. Patriotism triumphs over affection, she betrays his hiding-place to the Bolsheviki, and to show the unwavering character of her own devotion to the cause she stands motionless, a red flag in her hand, while he is executed before her eyes.

If such plays are typical of the slightly savage intensity of partisan feeling which still burns strongly even now, when the Revolution is accomplished and when (as it appears to a superficial observer) the stable Communist government has begun to tolerate and even absorb those elements which are not definitely communistic in their sentiments, "The Humming of the Rails" will stand as a type of the many sociological dramas which deal with the peace-time problems of the new society. Presented in a theater controlled by the Moscow trade unions and acted by men who, for the most part, have become professionals only since the Revolution, it is a simple, straightforward, and artlessly effective picture of life in a machine-shop. The stage is no stage at all, since it is merely a large room, three or four times as deep as it is long, fitted up to resemble a real machine-shop as literally as possible and furnished with real riveters (making a very real clatter) and real oxo-hydrogen blow-torches. When the play begins the men are at work repairing a locomotive. As the action proceeds, trouble develops between the new workman-manager and the technicians left over from the old regime. In the shop the director must fight against sabotage inspired by these technicians, while at home he must put up with the complaints of a wife who grumbles that they are no better off than they were before he rose to a managership, and of a mother-in-law who mutters darkly that "God does not love atheists." To cap the climax he is arrested by Communist officials on a trumped-up charge (these trade-union plays often reflect in some such manner the friction existing between worker and bureaucrat), but the difficulties are smoothed out one by one, the shop begins again to function, and as the curtains fall the locomotive, once more in running order, is wheeled forward toward the audience as a mute symbol of a problem solved. Simple in its ideology, naively literal in its methods, and directly didactic in its intention, the play would mean little outside of Russia, and its interest is certainly not primarily aesthetic. Yet to one who sees it in its natural setting, performed before the audience out of which it has grown naturally and irresistibly, it is somehow both significant and arresting.

Most Europeans are anxious to forget *their* war and to get away from *their* machines. Implicitly they confess that the first accomplished nothing capable of sustaining an enthusiasm and that somehow they have been cheated out of the benefits which they once hoped to reap from the magic of mechanical power. But the Russian, on the other hand, is sure that out of the World War and its sequel there came something of permanent value for him, and he is sure also that when he gets the machine he will know how to use it. These two convictions account more than anything else for the distinctive character of his social atmosphere and of the drama which is part of it. He is absorbed in everyday life because he believes that he has solved the problem of making it adequate to all the needs of man. He looks back with pleasure upon the Revolution because he believes that it made the Golden Age possible, and he looks affectionately at the machine because he is sure that with its help he can realize that possibility. Europe looks at him with the air of an old man who has heard of too many religions to believe in the heaven promised by a new one, but the Russian is not at all interested in the skepticism of Europe. He wants all the machines and all the science that the rest of the world can give him, but he will make his philosophy for himself.

New Bedford Carries On

By PAUL BLANSHARD

AFTER an eight-weeks' strike the 30,000 workers of New Bedford's cotton mills show no signs of weakening. Most of the mills are closed and the number of strike-breakers is negligible. The strike, however, is gradually changing character. It began as a quiet demonstration of the workers against a 10 per cent wage-cut, and in the first weeks of the walkout New Bedford was remarkably calm. Newspapers, preachers, and merchants supported the strikers, and the police were friendly. It seemed that for once community pressure might force a quick victory in a textile strike.

Today all signs point to the old type of finish fight with bitterness constantly increasing. The police are no longer friendly to the left-wing contingent and several arrests have been made for disturbing the peace. William T. Murdoch, left-wing leader, has been sentenced to ninety days in the House of Correction, but he is still out on bail. Many strikers have been arrested for yelling or singing.

When is singing a crime? Apparently the New Bedford courts have ruled that singing on the picket-line is permissible until it degenerates into shouting invectives. Judge Milliken of the Third District Court only smiled when he heard the strikers' song repeated before him:

> A-hunting we will go; a-hunting we will go.
> We'll catch the scab and put him in a bag
> And never let him go.

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A-fishing we will go; a-fishing we will go.
We'll catch the boss and put him in the moss
And never let him go.

But Judge Milliken has not smiled at the Portuguese strikers arraigned before him. On June 6 he sentenced a striker, Alfred Teixeira, to thirty days in the House of Correction because he shouted "scab" at alleged strike-breakers, although it was Teixeira's first offense and he had not touched anyone. Of the twenty-six "radicals" arrested up to June 9, several have received sentences of six months in prison. The police have not officially prohibited singing but in practice singing has been stopped.

In fairness to the New Bedford police it should be said that they have an excellent technical case against the left-wing leaders who entered the strike after it had been called and organized an independent union which they call the New Bedford Textile Workers Union. These leaders were reckless and provocative in a situation which offered no violent opposition to the strikers. The mills were closed, the companies had not hired professional strike-breakers or thugs, and the police—at the beginning of the strike—were scrupulously fair. Picketing and singing in large groups near the mills was allowed, and in some cases strikers were permitted to gather in crowds on the sidewalks near the mills. But the left-wing leaders by their tactics have created a tension and animosity which the situation did not call for. Now the police have foolishly played into their hands by arresting them.

Small skirmishes between the left-wing minority and the New Bedford police should not be allowed to divert public attention from the major issue of this strike. The mill-owners, who had made substantial profits for many years, on April 16, without discussion or arbitration, cut the wages of their workers 10 per cent. That brings the average wage of New Bedford workers to a sum slightly above $17 a week. Manufacturers claim that they were forced to cut wages by competitors whose wages were even lower. The claim is without foundation, since New Bedford is a fine-goods center not competing with the South; less than 8 per cent of all the fine-goods looms in the country are located in the South.

At the beginning of the strike the manufacturers were reckless enough to claim that their mills paid 22 per cent higher wages than other fine-goods mills in New England, but they refused point-blank to disclose their wage figures. The New Bedford *Times* accepted the mill-owners' challenge and sent a reporter four hundred miles through New England mill-towns to compare the wage scales in fourteen fine-goods centers. The newspaper's report on comparative wages dealt the final blow to the manufacturers' case. It showed that "almost every class of labor in New Bedford's fine-goods mills was paid lower wages than the average, even before the wage cut."

From organized labor's point of view victory in the New Bedford strike is exceptionally important because it might bring a renaissance of textile unionism in New England. Workers in the fine-goods mills of Fall River who voted to accept a 10 per cent wage-cut through a blunder in the arrangement of the strike ballot are anxiously awaiting the outcome in New Bedford. A victory in New Bedford would be followed almost certainly by a restoration of the old scale in competing mills of Fall River, while a defeat for the workers of New Bedford would be followed by cuts throughout the fine-goods centers of the North.

The strategic position of the strikers is excellent; only the shortage of relief funds can defeat them. The main body of the strikers have cast in their lot with the United Textile Workers affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Their membership in the recognized national union of the trade will undoubtedly strengthen their bargaining power. The community, although hostile to the left-wing minority, is still overwhelmingly sympathetic with the main group of strikers. Among the strikers is a dependable group of British craftsmen of unusual intelligence and training who have brought from Manchester a strong labor loyalty. They are the most skilled workers in American cotton mills today and if necessary they could keep the mills closed all summer, no matter how many unskilled strike-breakers were imported. Moreover, in the production of New Bedford's finished products the importation of incompetent strike-breakers would be a hazardous and costly blunder. It is not surprising that the strikers are confident of victory and that some of the manufacturers have already confessed regret for their rash challenge.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter nominates for the next Pulitzer Prize the Unknown Author of the Baltimore *Sun's* story of Jacob Grant Eckert's ride to Gettysburg, published in its issue of May 31.

* * * * *

"JACOB GRANT ECKERT," the story began, in contempt of the newspaper rule that the whole story must be told in the first sentence, "was only six months old when his father, John Eckert, was the conductor of the train on the Hanover Branch Railway which took a President to Gettysburg to deliver a memorial address." The President was Abraham Lincoln, and the address began "Fourscore and seven years ago." When the trip was over Mr. Lincoln greeted the conductor and handed him a large silver watch. Threescore and five years later Jacob Eckert, forty-seven years in the employ of the successor to the Hanover Branch Railway, was celebrating his birthday at the circus in Hanover when he was called to the telephone. Another President was to deliver another Gettysburg address, and the railroad wanted Jacob Eckert's son to act as conductor on the special train.

* * * * *

THEY wrote to Mr. Coolidge that the son of the man who had conducted Lincoln's train would conduct the Coolidge train, and they told Mr. Eckert that they had written. Interviewed the next day, Mr. Eckert would not admit that he had hoped for another silver watch, but he did admit that he had expected that Silent Cal would at least shake his hand. But—the Drifter leaves the rest of the story to the Unknown Author:

"I didn't see the President," said Mr. Eckert. "I didn't even go back to his car. I thought it was my place not to until I was sent for. I expected to be sent for, but I wasn't. Well, it's all right with me, because we didn't have a single little hitch the whole way. And the dining-car steward let me off the bet."

"What bet?" he was asked.

"Well, you see, I told the dining-car steward that the President knew that my father had run Lincoln's train to

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Gettysburg and that the President would speak to me. And the dining-car steward said: 'Listen, Captain, I know him. He won't speak to you. He comes in and eats and I says: "I hope you enjoyed your dinner, sir"; and he just walks on by and Mrs. Coolidge says: "Yes, it was fine." No, he won't speak to you, Captain Eckert.'

"So, I said: 'I'll bet the best cigar you got he speaks to me.'"

"'Done,'" said the dining-car steward.

"Well, when the ride was over I went in to buy the cigar for him. But he said: 'No, Captain, I was betting on a sure thing.' So he bought me a cigar.

"They say that he was feeling pretty bad today and didn't speak to anybody. It's a great honor, anyhow, to have been conductor of the train that took a President to Gettysburg."

* * * * *

THE *Sun* deserves at least a prizelet for digging out of its own files its own story of the Gettysburg ceremonies of November 19, 1863. A full column, in fine type, was devoted to excerpts from what it described as an "exceedingly elaborate and ornate production, embellished with many classical allusions and brilliant rhetorical passages." Then, in the last paragraph, came this footnote:

At the conclusion of Mr. Everett's address the dedicatory ceremony was performed by President Lincoln. A dirge followed.

* * * * *

IF the Unknown Author does not win the Pulitzer Prize from the board of editor-judges he may console himself with the reflection that the judgment of contemporary journalists is no more infallible today than it was when the *Sun* gave a column to Edward Everett and left Abraham Lincoln's words for a second-day mail story.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Charity for the Well-to-do?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Presumably you have noted the increasing tuition charges in most universities. Cornell has recently moved up to the $400 level. This policy of charity for the well-to-do appears to me to deserve attention.

These increasing charges are defended as merely covering the actual cost of education. There are, however, few or no great schools in the country that would not be rolling in surplus revenue if only they would resolutely decline to waste their resources on incapable or unwilling students. They make the choice, and the alternative is a level of expensiveness which closes the endowment benefactions against those who need them and leaves them available only to those who do not need them. It would be interesting to offer from ten to thirty million dollars to any great university that would first prove that it was not wasting what revenues it already has!

The policy of charging for education according to its cost—pay-if-you-can and go-without-if-you-cannot—amounts to a frank renunciation of the very principle on which all the endowments rest. The endowments come to be restricted to providing sub-cost education primarily to the well-to-do. Even if the stratification of wealth is good, the stratification of opportunity is not.

Ithaca, New York, May 30 H. J. DAVENPORT,
Professor of economics, Cornell University

Mr. Mencken and Mr. Broun

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Mencken and the New York *World* are entitled to determine for themselves the amount of "reasonable politeness and prudence" with which they may espouse an issue involving the official murder of two innocent men. But it wasn't Mr. Broun's "excessive earnestness" which helped defeat the efforts to save Sacco and Vanzetti, as Mr. Mencken suggests in *The Nation*. It was the "reasonable politeness and prudence" of such men as Mencken that helped weaken the tide of anguished world protest that was stirred last August. There are times when there are more important considerations than good taste. There are moments when it takes guts to ignore the pullings of what Mr. Mencken would call politeness and prudence. Mr. Broun had the simple, unadorned courage of his indignation. And he did not truckle. In the fog of confusion which the respectability of Lowell, Fuller, Grant, and Stratton threw around the proceedings, Broun's voice was heard clearly. He called lynching by its proper name. He stripped the frock-coats and silk hats from statesmen, judges, and college presidents and showed them for what they were—murderers.

A hand was swiftly clapped over Mr. Broun's mouth—but not before he had made articulate, in burning words, the real issues at stake.

Boston, May 30 CREIGHTON HILL

Oil Rights and Human Rights

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The diplomacy of our State Department is undoubtedly a dollar diplomacy. Recently I asked Mr. Kellogg, Secretary of State, to remonstrate against the ill-treatment of minority populations in Rumania. It has been our honored traditional policy to protest religious persecutions in any part of the world. We did this against Turkey's treatment of the Armenians, against Russia's treatment of Jews, and there is the famous letter of Secretary Hay, written in 1902, in behalf of persecuted Jews in Rumania.

To my surprise, in reply to my request, Mr. Kellogg stated that it was not within the province of the Department of State to interfere with the internal or domestic conditions of any foreign Powers, let alone Rumania. Subsequently, the Secretary of State tempered his judgment in that regard and said that the United States was always deeply interested in the treatment of religious minorities in European countries and that within the limits of diplomatic usage it would be pleased to use its good offices whenever necessary. Apparently in the case of Rumania these good offices have not been used—at least where human lives were involved as a result of pogroms and atrocities of all sorts.

Contrast the attitude of the same State Department in 1924, when the Rumanian Government attempted to enact legislation tending to nationalize its oil supplies. This was resented by the American oil companies which had evidently invested in Rumania. Synchronously with the announcement of the plan of the Rumanian authorities, with reference to their oil wells, our State Department reminded the Rumanian Government that her war loans were about to be called. That was enough for Rumania. Rest assured that the oil wells were not nationalized. American dollars were protected. Thus the State Department brought pressure in most vigorous terms, and in language even the Rumanians understood, by the use of the war-loan obligations. But there dollars were involved. Human suffering and travail are different.

Washington, D. C., May 25 EMANUEL CELLER,
Member, United States House of Representatives

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Books

Cliff Dwellers, New Mexico

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

Climbers of cliffs are an enchanted race,
They trust, they trespass, and they leave no trace.
They give back to the earth each thing they took
They give all back, manos and shepherd's crook.

Ladders that knew the upstretched reaching hand
And idols are together under sand,
Arrow and bowl and blanket on the loom
Have disappeared from every hollowed room.

Time smooths the cliffs in secrecy of how
Such trust in them earth chose to disavow.
These tiered, sun-healed incisions on a ledge
Give silent proof earth makes no one a pledge.

Home Intrudes

By CHI-CHEN WANG

I

The barren twigs stand in straggled profusion
  against the window-framed sky;
It is my neighbor's garden peeping over the walls
  that seclude my home in Tsinan!
Motionless I sit in this alien room
  with my eyes fixed on the mirage;
For the same realities that bind me
  will break the fragile mirror.

II

In the spring I wandered free of old care,
  I had no thoughts of returning.
Surely my joy, surely my desire
  was to flutter over strange lands.
But summer came and the intrusive lotus pond
  brought back the chrysanthemum patch,
And when the year grew cold I wept bitterly
  for the pot of yellow plum.

Shaw Tells the World

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. $3.

WHETHER this book is a fair statement of the socialist position, whether it is sound economics and political good sense, may be matter for argument. I think it is all that, with some minor reservations and disagreements. Of this I am certain: it is sound literature. Considered as writing, as an example of the art of exposition, it is the finest thing on its subject and pertinent subjects since Morris's "News from Nowhere," and in content, of course, it is far richer and more modern. It is clearer than any of the German authorities from Marx down (I know them only in English translation), clear as the lens of a telescope. The manner is persuasive, urbane, civilized, and, as we should expect, salted with humor. Much serious matter is conveyed with a smile; a closely organized page of argument is relieved by just the right touch of fooling. Shaw's words are as simple as the subject will allow. He uses very little of the lingo of socialism which we borrowed from Germany; if "economic determinism" appears at all, I overlooked it. And there is nothing of the soap-box harangue which makes many socialist writers, Upton Sinclair, for example, unendurably wearisome and drives one to join the Calvin Coolidge Club forthwith. (To make the attitude of this review clear I will say that I have been a socialist for twenty years.)

Since exposition and argument are very largely a matter of definition of terms, a late chapter, the excellent one on Current Confusions, might well be read first as a sort of dictionary. It may be especially recommended to writers for the capitalist (grrrr!) press, many of whom, as the late William D. Haywood said, do not know the difference between anarchism and arnica. Shaw's own vocabulary is fresh and vivacious. Old economic propositions that one has heard a hundred times until they have become lifeless are revived as if by a transfusion of blood. And the whole discourse twinkles with the happy device of making an imaginary woman the audience and woman the generic third person. It is usually "he's" who do and think. Here a capitalist invests *her* money; *she* earns an extra loaf of bread; *she* finds her rent raised. There is the delightful implication that men are too stupid to be worth talking to: Shaw says that politically American men are "futile gossips."

So much for the manner. Before we come to the heart of the matter, a word or two of objection and be done with it. Shaw on Pasteur and on medical matters generally is foolish. It is too bad that he goes into a question which is not closely related to his main thesis and so adds one more example in support of Mencken's assertion that a man cannot be a socialist without being cracked in some other way. Like many another arrogant Briton, Shaw thinks he knows a lot about America, and openly admits it in his Foreword for American Readers. Then he commits himself to this amazing proposition: "They [the Americans] shut up the saloons, and found immediately [*sic*] that they could shut up a good many of the prisons as well."

The heart of the argument which beats on every page is that socialism means equality of income. Any future state or political program or ism, however admirable, which is not based on equality of income is not socialism. All economic and social evils are rooted in inequality of income, and from those root-evils spring most of the remediable sufferings of humanity. Mankind, a nation first and then perhaps all the world, is to become a vast joint-stock company in which everybody is shareholder, everybody draws his dividend, and every able-bodied person does his share of the necessary work. Since all useful work is of social value and one kind cannot be done without another on which it depends—the engineer of a bridge and the mason working on the pier cannot do a stroke one without the other—then all work must be declared equally useful and be equally rewarded. The worst crime is idleness, which means that one person lives by the labor of another or others. Parasitism is the primary social disease, resulting in two kinds of waste: the loss of the potential ability of the parasite to contribute to the total national income and the waste of health and life due to poverty. And there is the further waste of haphazard lack of organization, of a million jobs crying out to be done and a million people without jobs.

Work instead of being a burden to many and a stranger to some can be a pleasure, a normal healthy activity, and the more pleasant it is, the merrier it goes, the more efficient it becomes. Those now engaged in interesting occupations know that already. As things are, it is the honorable and swell thing to have an income which enables one to loaf or at least to engage in some alleged work which does not contribute to the national income, the essential wealth which we consume every day. In a socialist state such an idea would be abhorrent; an industrial slacker

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would be more contemptible or pitiable than a slacker in time of war and would be rounded up by the police and sent to a hospital to have his brain examined. (I suppose under socialism there will be good doctors; Shaw does not like the kind we have now.)

The way to the realization of the socialist state is the gradual nationalization of the land and of all the great basic industries. This can be accomplished only when most people want such a change and are ready to elect and organize a government to bring it about and manage the total national property. Socialism means the complete abolition of private ownership in the things on which our common life depends. That is, the fundamental, productive, wealth-making materials—wealth-making when labor is applied to them. *Pace!* The state is not going to own your watch or your typewriter, but it will own the typewriter factory and the watch factory and the gold mine from which the gold in the watch came and the iron mine and the coal mine from which came the steel in the typewriter. *When people want this change*—that is important. Shaw is a Fabian and amusingly points out that it was gentlemen with a classical education and not proletarians who invented that word. Revolutions by violence accomplish nothing or very little; the class struggle gets nowhere; a majority of intelligent people of all kinds, including Madam the Intelligent Woman, must will socialism and drill for it. It must be a growth from what is now, a fulfilment of the visible and ever-developing present. Already many things are communized—roads, bridges, the post office, and other public services. Already the confiscation of wealth is accepted as a matter of course in taxes. And nobody in his senses, properly educated, would object to giving up his privileges if he knew that he was to have a fair deal along with everybody else and knew that the future of his children would be secure.

That is the heart of the argument. There are other organs and limbs to this articulate and organic book. Indeed, it is more than a socialist argument. It is a study of human nature, of human society. What is money? What is wealth? What is "spare money"? What is a savings-bank account? What is a national debt? How does a stock exchange work? What are rent, interest, taxes? All that is hard economics, here admirably clarified with little of the conventional dialect of the textbooks. But, more important, what is education, what are social distinctions, what really are common honesty, decency, human dignity? What is liberty? These concern the soul of man after his stomach has been filled and his back covered.

The peroration alone is worth the price of admission (since this book has much to say of prices); it is a beautiful essay. Shaw calls this work his last will and testament and says that it took six years to write and cost more labor than his plays. I am glad that he took the time off from what he modestly calls his "lucrative talent," and hope that he may add codicils to his will in the form of more essays on socialism and life and at least six more plays.

JOHN MACY

The Mothers of Man

The Mothers. A Study of the Origins of Sentiments and Institutions. By Robert Briffault. The Macmillan Company. Three volumes. $27.

THE most ambitious compendium to date, this book of Briffault's, of woman's share in culture. For the three massive volumes comprise 2,091 pages, the bibliography 196 pages, and the index 120 pages. In a sense, to review such a book is like reviewing Frazer or the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Well, to begin with, the mass of the book is not by any means proportionate to its bulk; conservatively, the same message could be carried, without loss of substance or force, by one volume of some 500 pages. With scant charity for so much labor I might say, perhaps, that had the author taken more time he could have reduced the size of his study to about one-third of its present dizzy length.

What is it all about? A vindication of woman's role in society, to be sure, but not destined for a place of honor in feminists' archives. For, after telling his story in which the feminine principle looms supreme, the author at the end commits himself to a judicious, but, I fear, somewhat conservative estimate of woman's intellectual ability.

Before going any further let me say that Briffault's book is far from light-weight. The study is genuinely erudite, it bristles with relevant citations, and the author's critical acumen places him in a class far above that of his brother in voluminousness, Sir James G. Frazer.

Briffault's thesis is simple: the cornerstone of all social organization rests in the mating instinct. He does not come to this conclusion directly. On the way he takes time to slay sundry threatening ghosts. Quite in line with latest anthropological wisdom, he argues against heredity and for history, against nature and for nurture, as the rationale of culture. Nor will the Nordics find much solace in his fair even though guarded treatment of the racial tangle. The tripod on which rests man's unique position in the animal kingdom is this: prolonged infancy (shades of John Fiske!), slow development, and the reduction of the determination of natural heredity. Briffault takes pains to argue—perhaps with a zeal carrying him somewhat beyond the facts—that the sexual act is not the seed out of which society springs. Sex, as such, is among many animals associated with cruelty and the infliction of suffering (at times Briffault seems to forget that suffering does not necessarily exclude joy). Even among primitive men sex love is practically unknown (at this many an anthropologist will demur). The mating instinct, on the other hand, is everywhere and always associated with affection and tenderness. In it lies the source of all kindly emotions which, infinitely elaborated and ramified, blossom forth in altruism, humaneness, social solidarity. At first the sex and mating instincts are, if anything, in conflict with each other; and it is only later in human history that sex itself becomes suffused with cultural values, elevated to the status of a noble and spiritual emotion, embellished and glorified as romanticism.

Love is born not between male and female but between the mother and her brood. The rest is accretion, elaboration, transfer.

While developing his principal thesis, the author contributes, in part critically, in part constructively, to a number of vexed and difficult problems. He disposes rather effectively of the opinion widely held among scientists that anthropoids are monogamous. He argues with force against the still popular notion of the evil effects of inbreeding. He contributes a theory of the origin of exogamy: it was "invented" to preserve the integrity of the primitive maternal group, the daughters remaining, the sons departing and marrying other daughters of other mothers, elsewhere. Need we add that there is also a theory of totemism? The totem was originally the food animal of the clan, the rest developed by and by (here Briffault was anticipated by Haddon, the English anthropologist).

Useful strictures are made upon the glibness with which anthropologizing writers have made use of the theory of marriage by capture. Here Briffault is almost certainly in the right. Marriage by capture exists and, here and there, has survived in various disguised forms; but it never was general nor could it possibly have been responsible for all the survivals accredited to it.

Probably Briffault is also right in holding that the final change in the position of the sexes, in a sense adverse to woman, took place during the period of higher historic agriculture and that the position of woman as primarily an object of sex was consequent upon her losing social status and economic significance.

What saved the author from producing a dogmatic, hope-

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lessly one-sided work was his commendable fairness and a critical acumen which prevented him from elevating his thesis into a sole pillar of social determination. But withal he has gone too far. Something will have to be credited to the sex impulse as such—not as sadistic a principle as the author would have us believe; the finer emotions of the male (a human being, after all) may also have contributed to the humanization of man; and even human gregariousness—scoffed at by Briffault—cannot be wholly overlooked as an active cause in a truly unprejudiced study of the origins of human sentiments and institutions.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

John Selden

Table Talk of John Selden. Edited for the Selden Society by Sir Frederick Pollock. London: Quaritch.

ALTHOUGH it does make clear a few phrases obscure in earlier editions of the "Table Talk" by readings from a Lincoln's Inn MS hitherto uncollated, this neat volume seems a cruel waste of effort because it reprints what was not greatly in need of reprinting. No doubt students of the history of law find it valuable, but it is a very queer enthusiasm indeed that can say: "There is hardly so rich a treasure-house of worldly wisdom in the English language as Selden's 'Table Talk.'" Really it is a book rich only in its quantity of commonplace observations on religion, state, money, women, poetry, war—all set out in language remarkable for the complete absence of the verbal magic peculiar to Selden's contemporaries. Hear the great closet-lawyer on a matter of "weight and high consequence": "Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, a third plain. But every man has a doublet. Every man has his religion; we differ about the trimming." There speaks a generous feeling, the same that animates "Abie's Irish Rose"; but how in the name of Jonson, Donne, Milton, Browne, and James I's body of learned translators can it speak so badly? And that is far from being the worst thing in "Table Talk"; indeed it is nearly the best. Selden's dinners must have been very good.

But no matter how unattractive now his wit, wisdom, style, Selden's life deserves a more Stracheyed treatment than it has received. He lived in good lively times and he knew all the right people. When Cavalier and Puritan were at each other's throats, Selden inclined to the Parliamentarians while remaining friends with Royalists because he had enough worldly wisdom always to entertain a high tenderness for his own freedom and skin. He liked to write in his books: "Liberty above all else." In his day he had a colossal reputation for learning, yet, as Lord Clarendon says, "His humanity, courtesy, and affability was such that he could have been thought to have been bred in the best court, but that his good nature, charity, delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding. . . . If he had some infirmities, with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellences in the other scale." Here was a fine figure of a scholar, an England's ornament, who would flash his mind's light upon Syrian mythology, tithes, the Arundel marbles, dueling, titles of honor, the freedom of the seas, the nativity of Christ, while waging ceaseless war, in Parliament and out of it, against the idea of the divine right of kings. Not that he loved democracy; for him the many were no more divinely right than Charles I.

From a humble station of life in Sussex he stepped to Oxford, then to the Inns of Court, into jail, into Parliament, and at last into the shoes and wealth of the sometime Earl of Kent, marrying secretly, as it was said, the widowed Countess. We wish to believe that the Selden Society, having done so much better than well for the dust and ashes of its hero, is even now at work on a properly pious full-length picture of his personality.

H. K. DICK

An Editor on a Holiday

American Inquisitors: A Commentary on Dayton and Chicago. By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

WHEN an imaginative man makes a life work of any pursuit, the tendency is for him to consider it a fine art. However, as the professions are filled by unimaginative men, as a rule, it is left to such a talented amateur as a Brillat-Savarin to concoct a "Handbook of Gastronomy," and to such a one as De Quincey to produce "Murder as a Fine Art." Now, a great many of the limitations and excellencies of Mr. Walter Lippmann may be conveniently expressed by saying that he is gradually coming to regard politics as a fine art (in a certain American city this also includes murder). If a fine discrimination and restraint is necessary to the distinguished practice of any art, he has been helped no less by his temperament than by the nature of his job. In editorial writing there is really no such thing as pure thought, or pure truth, but only applied thought and applied truth. The necessity to persuade, to secure action, is the standing limitation. Often it acts as a fortunate guard against the excesses of theory, and it is this which gives Mr. Lippmann's writing its caution and hard common sense, and its limpid and easy style.

There must come a time, however, when an editor must long to cast off his inhibitions. In "American Inquisitors" Mr. Lippmann has accomplished not only this but created another example of fine art of the startling mixture of charlatanry and sincerity which is represented by the anti-evolution laws on the one hand and the anti-truth-in-American-history laws on the other. It so happened that he was invited to give the Barbour-Page foundation lectures in the University of Virginia last year which now make the present book. There was an opportunity not only to get away but to make the trip an intellectual junket. Mr. Lippmann has a strong sense of the amenities, and, perhaps, it told him that his going to talk in a Southern university made the time a happy one to reason with both the fundamentalists and modernists in biology and history. He took Bryan at Dayton and Mayor Thompson at Chicago as his protagonists. In the confessed role of devil's advocate, he proceeded to show that discounting their very obvious imbecilities the theories of democracy made it possible to make a very good case for them, indeed!

The intermittent Socratic dialogue which Mr. Lippmann chose as the form of his remarks was very happy. In the persons of Socrates, Jefferson, and Bryan he could allow himself to romp without hesitation. The paradoxes click like subway turnstiles. Is this the perverse Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton or the sober Mr. Walter Lippmann speaking? Every now and then, like a quick change artist in vaudeville, he emerges from behind the scenes to comment in his own person. When the Florida Legislature, which is one of the most hopeless in the country, some years ago adopted a resolution against the teaching of evolution in the schools, it indulged the sophistry of declaring that it was motivated by the desire to maintain the separation of Church and State according to original Jeffersonian principles! I do not know if Mr. Lippmann is acquainted with this resolution, but it is the most precious of all his cachexies. The intellectual display is in a very unusual manner, indeed, but, alas, the passions engendered in the conflict of fundamentalism and modernism are too ugly to yield upon a demonstration of verbal contradictions.

The confusion is emphasized by the fact that in the prevailing holiday mood the Socratic characters are made to poke fun at Mr. H. L. Mencken. It is difficult to understand this except upon the supposition that it has now become a popular sport. The latter has often supported the right of fundamentalism to restrict the freedom of teaching in the elementary schools. It has roused his ire only when it has undertaken to

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interfere with higher education. It is this distinction which is behind most of Mr. Lippmann's satanism.

Let him be solemnly warned: Many a man who has begun by playing the part of devil's advocate has ended by becoming one!

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Heat Without Light

Antheil, and the Treatise on Harmony, with Supplementary Notes. By Ezra Pound. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $2.

MR. POUND'S method is like the one which he describes as Wagner's, "which is not dissimilar from that of the Foire de Neuilly, i.e., you confuse the spectator by smacking as many of his senses as possible at every possible moment; this prevents his noting anything with unusual lucidity, but you may fluster or excite him to the point of making him receptive; i.e., you may slip over an emotion, or you may sell him a rubber doll or a new cake of glass-mender during the hurly-burly." In his book, too, there is a ceaseless hurly-burly of irrelevancies, pedantries, esoteric sarcasms, and prose affectations, the while essential things are not lucidly or adequately stated but only alluded to as though they had been so stated. It conveys the impression of a book intended for those who already understand, or, one might say, for those with whom Mr. Pound has a private understanding. Chief among these is George Antheil, with whom Mr. Pound carries on a mutually satisfying conversation for a time. Others will conclude, from what little they can understand, that even this was not worth the trouble they gave themselves over the book.

"The element most grossly omitted from treatises on harmony up to the present is the element of TIME. The question of the time-interval that must elapse between one sound and another if the two sounds are to produce a pleasing consonance or an *interesting* relation, has been avoided." One can answer that this is an element of the finished musical speech that must be left to the composer and the critic, while the treatise on harmony deals with musical grammar, with the sequences of related sounds irrespective of pattern. And, in fact, Mr. Pound tells us no more than anyone else. No one will be the wiser for this: "A SOUND OF ANY PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, MAY BE FOLLOWED BY A SOUND OF ANY OTHER PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, PROVIDING THE TIME-INTERVAL BETWEEN THEM IS PROPERLY GAUGED; and this is true for ANY SERIES OF SOUNDS, CHORDS, OR ARPEGGIOS." On the contrary, some will be the less wise. It is, for example, only theoretically true that for the ordinary time-intervals of music ANY two chords may follow each other and make sense.

It appears that Mr. Pound's real dissatisfaction is with actual musical practice. He objects to music whose *harmony* is conceived vertically as being music without lateral, rhythmic *movement;* by which he seems to mean music the durations of whose sounds are not fixed; by which again he seems to mean music which can be played in more than one tempo or with variations in the chosen tempo. But these identities and the distinctions they imply are not correct. There is no music without lateral, rhythmic movement and fixed durations, and yet none that cannot be played in more than one tempo or with variations in the chosen tempo. For the fixed durations are only proportional durations within any tempo[1]; and the proportions may be emphasized by slight distortion. Nor can any music be played without such distortion except by a mechanical instrument. And this, in fact, is what Mr. Pound wants: rhythmic patterns (which I believe are what he means by the term mechanisms) reiterated by mechanical pianos or, best of all, by machines. At this point one is tempted to imitate the inimitable Mr. Pound: "What, mon élève, is the element grossly omitted from the music of machinery . . ."

at this point Mr. Pound looks up brightly . . .

"and to be found in the pea soup of Wagner, the heavy mist of Debussy, and even the diaphanous dust clouds of the post-Debussians . . .?"[2] Mr. Pound continues to regard me brightly . . . and blankly. No answer is offered me.

The answer, mon contradicteur, is:

"The element most grossly omitted from the music of machinery is MUSICAL SOUND. The sounds that are necessary to make a rhythmic pattern interesting and significant are omitted."

That is probably not all I have to say in this review.

B. H. HAGGIN

Blood and Blows

Woman in Flight. By Fritz Reck-Malleczewen. Translated by Jennie Covan. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

"WOMAN in Flight" is a skilfully concocted melodrama put together out of the powerful ingredients of sex, speed, and terror. Elfie, a shy, rather dazzled little girl, a foreigner in Berlin, marries into the prosperous middle-class family of the district attorney. Their pet poodle, taken on their modest honeymoon, has its back broken by a bicyclist, and Elfie's husband, an artist, the district attorney's brother, being not quite adequate to this or any other task, Elfie herself is forced to kill it with a stick. From then on the action moves with amazing rapidity and almost perfect logic. They take the train home; Robbie, the husband, is to go on to Munich to get commissions for portraits. A man flirts with Elfie in the compartment, Robbie slaps his face, is himself humiliatingly beaten before the eyes of his young wife, and with his clothes torn, and his face scratched, is forced to spend the time between trains in the washroom instead of in the fashionable restaurant where his brother has planned to take the couple that night. Afterward Elfie goes to dinner with the brother, and in her somewhat hysterical condition of nerves is by him got drunk and seduced. In the morning, being threatened with blackmail by the landlady, she tries to raise money at a pawnshop, is insulted by the old woman who keeps the shop, and, still in a state of hysteria, throws herself upon the old woman and chokes her, as she thinks, to death. Follows flight and terror through the city, in excellent narrative, and finally desperation and brazenness when it appears that the husband is sure to learn. At this point the book goes off, and Elfie flees to South America with a wholly improbable narcotic smuggler posing as a military attaché of the Argentine embassy. Horror piles upon horror, she is saved from white slavers for the almost worse fate of a rescue home, and finally confesses her murder, is brought back to Germany, stands up at her trial to give evidence, and learns that the old pawnbroker woman has never died. Or possibly the woman did die, and the police, to protect the district attorney from testifying, have brought forth a substitute. On this point the text is not unequivocal. At any rate, Elfie's life is quite thoroughly wrecked, her husband, her reputation, even her chance to make expiation, are gone, her face is scarred by a blow from a cane in the rescue home, and there is nothing left for her but to wander out through the night into a providential snowfall and her last rest on the frozen Bodensee, in the manner that so many German movies have made all too familiar.

Aside from this and some other sentimentalities, however,

[1] That Mozart insisted upon fixed durations is, then, true but not proved by metronome indications in Pound's copy of "The Marriage of Figaro." And so far as I can discover there was no metronome in Mozart's day; and these must be the tempos of some editor, and probably different from those of another editor. This is worth noting in connection with the Foire de Neuilly method, e.g., the references to Raphael Socius (1556), Manchetto of Padua (fourteenth century), Prosdocimus de Beldemandis (ditto), etc.

[2] There is no music for which a formula cannot be found that will make it appear ridiculous, not even Antheil's.

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and the incredibleness of some of the South American scenes, the book is written surprisingly well. The author is obsessed with the dirt, the drabness, the madness of post-war and especially German capitalist civilization, and his conveyance of this feeling is the most interesting achievement of the book. The translation is apparently very good—at least its literary quality is excellent, and well adapted to the material. Incidentally the book would make a good scenario for Murnau's or King Vidor's next venture in Hollywood. ROBERT WOLF

Books in Brief

The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State. By Charles C. Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Marshall elaborates in this book the same general thesis which he expounded in his famous attack upon Governor Smith of New York in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1927. Leaving at one side the supernatural claims of the Roman church, he devotes himself to demonstrating, by a legal study of certain ecclesiastical documents, that allegiance to the church, and especially to the Pope as its recognized head, is opposed to the political allegiance which a modern state such as the United States requires of its citizens. He admits that, in the case of the United States, the repugnancy between the two systems is at present theoretical, but it is prevented from becoming practical, apparently, by the disparity in numbers between Catholics and non-Catholics. To the extent to which this numerical disparity disappears, or, what comes to the same thing, to the extent to which Catholic political influence increases, loyalty to the church would compel Catholics to demand such amendment of the Constitution as would adapt it to the requirements of their faith. Beyond his examination of a number of Papal encyclicals and other documents, English translations of which are given in an appendix, Mr. Marshall also discusses the "twilight zones" of marriage, politics, and education as affected by the attitude of the church. One should not expect a book on such a subject by a Protestant lawyer to be free from bias, and what Mr. Marshall has written reads very much like an expanded legal brief in the case of the people against the Catholic church, but those who are already convinced that a theoretical conflict between the two jurisdictions is pretty certain to become in due time a practical one will welcome the book as a storehouse of legal arguments on their side.

Words and Poetry. By George H. Rylands. Payson and Clarke. $3.

A splendidly unconventional study of the psychological qualities of poetic diction, together with a fascinating exposition of the problem of Shakespearean style—this latter subject a rich field still almost untouched, as Mr. Rylands astonishingly proves. In the field of scientific poetic criticism this is the finest volume since Professor Lowes's triumphant "Road to Xanadu." Mr. Rylands's observations on Shakespeare, all too tentatively and modestly put, have a quality of definite illumination: they are an excellent vindication of his plea that critics of poetry should exchange "wonder for curiosity."

Mirrors of the Year. Edited by H. W. Stokes. Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $4.

This is neither a year-book nor an almanac, nor does it pretend to be. It is a rather useless assortment of articles, thrown together with little rhyme and less reason. Many of them appeared previously in periodicals and newspapers. Herbert Asbury on Journalism in 1927-1928 is not unamusing; Louis Bromfield waxes indignant about the state of book reviewing; William Lyon Phelps lists some of the year's best sellers; Louis Seibold straddles all the fences in an article on politics; someone writes on business and prosperity without ever becoming aware of the year's increment of unemployed. The book warrants no serious attention, and is rarely even diverting.

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What's Wrong with the Democratic Party

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The Foreign Policy of James G. Blaine. By Alice Felt Tyler. The University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.

Now for the first time is the diplomacy of the plumed knight made the subject of a volume. Mrs. Tyler has carefully used the inedited as well as the printed material available on her theme in the United States. In the main she has done her work well. The manner in which Blaine uncannily forecasted certain features of our foreign policy is suggestively delineated. The section devoted to the Berlin Conference of 1889 on Samoa, which utilizes inedited material from our Department of State, is perhaps the most original feature of the book. Students of American diplomacy would have found this instructive study more illuminating if the author had garnered comments on Blaine's Pan-American policy by publicists of South America.

The Brontë Sisters. By Ernest Dimnet. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Readers of this admirable literary biography, now first translated from the French original which appeared in 1910, will echo the judgment of Andrew Lang—"The best book on the Brontës." Into the doubts, the perplexities, the spiritual frustrations of this tragic Yorkshire family the Abbé Dimnet penetrates with a sympathetic understanding born of his own intimate connection with hundreds of lives intrusted to his religious care. He presents a unified and convincing picture where Clement Shorter gave us an encyclopedic chronicle and Augustine Birrell an engaging *jeu d'esprit.* If the Abbé Dimnet may be reproached at all it is for an occasional excess of sympathy for Charlotte, whose angular unpleasantness of character is not entirely to be ascribed to the roughening influence of the Yorkshire moors.

The Borderland in the Civil War. By Edward Conrad Smith. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Professor Smith's borderland comprises the southern halves of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, Virginia west of the Alleghanies, and most of Kentucky and Missouri. Maryland and Delaware, commonly counted as border States, are not included because they differ from the others "in nearly every particular except a common hesitancy about entering the war." Within the area which he has chosen, and which seems to him to constitute a third "section" in the struggle for union, Professor Smith examines the character of the population, the agricultural and industrial situation as affected particularly by the opening of railway communication with the North and the consequent abandonment of New Orleans as the sole trade outlet, the influence of a large nonslaveholding element, and the political agitations which attended the efforts of the Lincoln Administration to hold the region in the Union. Both the political and the economic significance of the election of 1860 seem to him to have been largely overlooked in the borderland, and even after secession the people did not at once perceive upon which side of the line their real interests lay. In this period of hesitation, Lincoln's tactful course contrasted rather sharply with the policy of some of the Union leaders and commanders. The book is a commendable contribution to a phase of Civil War history which has been too little studied.

The Post-War Mind of Germany and Other European Studies. By C. H. Herford. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The bulk of this volume is made up of five essays on various phases of comparative literature; but they appear unimportant beside the single title essay describing the mentality of post-war Germany. Professor Herford begins by abstracting from the fabric of pre-war Germany three qualities which he considers to have lain at the basis of her eminence: organization, technology, and "culture." It is with the latter of these that he is mainly concerned. He first traces the influence of "the stabilizing forces," Troeltsch and Weber, who represent for him that grandiose synthetic tendency which, formerly applied largely to philosophy, was in the work of these two men, extended to the fields of economics and sociology. The author optimistically regards the doctrines of Weber as an implicit attack on capitalism. The major part of the essay is concerned, however, not with these quieter scholarly influences but with a description of the post-war revolutionary culture which manifested itself in a fierce attack on Bismarckism and the complete abandonment of Chamberlain's race theories. The revolt against social and industrial mechanism is traced in the stoic pessimism of Spengler, the sociologic expressionism of Toller, Werfel, and Kaiser, the idealism of Keyserling, the manifestos of the *Jugendbewegung,* the growth of the movement for popular education, and the increased interest in the problem of the humanization of industry. Professor Herford is unwilling to recognize the possibility that all these idealistic tendencies may be but the silver lining. He does not care to concern himself with an analysis of the new economic imperialism, the furious interest taken by Germany in the philosophy of Ford, the emergence of the cartel policy, and other factors which might, if carefully examined, induce a frame of mind rather less optimistic.

A Handbook of Children's Literature. By Emelyn E. Gardner and Eloise Ramsey. Scott, Foresman and Company. $2.

For those parents and teachers who are seeking to provide their children with reading material that is really appropriate to their ages at the same time that it is of literary merit, this book is invaluable. Starting with the premise that the children's own preferences are the best guide to what is actually most enjoyable, and that the high critical standards usually applied to adult literature should function here, the authors develop richly diversified bibliographies and a course of study.

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International Relations Section

For the Imprisoned of the Revolution

By I. STEINBERG

IT is with a deep feeling of sorrow that I present the case of the revolutionists imprisoned or exiled in Russia. It may, perhaps, be questioned whether this is the time to raise such a question, when world-reaction is preparing openly and brutally to attack the Soviet Union. My answer is that socialism must always be ready to examine and review its record in matters of conscience.

I will speak here only of the Left Social Revolutionaries and the Maximalists. Their situation is especially tragic. The moderate Socialists of Russia are under the protection of the Second International. The Anarchists and the Syndicalists are protected by the international Anarchist movement. But the Left Social-Revolutionaries and the Maximalists, who participated in the October Revolution and in the building of the Soviet Republic, are without protection from any political international organization. Without wishing to appeal to the sentimentality of foreigners, I want to picture the conditions under which these men and women have been existing. A description of a few of the leaders will serve to reveal the situation.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA. Her name is known to the whole world. In 1906 she was sentenced to death on account of a plot in which she participated against a tyrant who had terrorized the peasants in the province of Tambov. The Cossacks subjected her to unspeakable tortures, and she became as a result the symbol of freedom to the subjugated masses of Russia. At the same time a storm of sympathy in her behalf throughout Europe and America brought about a commutation of her sentence to life imprisonment in Siberia. There Spiridonova remained until 1917. The March Revolution brought her freedom, whereupon she threw herself immediately into the fight of the peasants and workers against war, against the Kerensky regime, and for the Socialist revolution. The October Revolution placed her at the head of the peasant movement. As president of the Peasants' Congress she united the city workers and peasants in a close coalition. In the middle of 1918 she became involved in a conflict of principle with Bolshevik policies. From that time on, except during two short intervals, she has remained in captivity, either in prison or in exile in Turkestan.

IRINA KACHOVSKAIA. During the reign of the Czar, Kachovskaia was imprisoned in a Siberian penitentiary, where she remained until the Revolution of 1917. Believing in a strictly Socialist regime, she led a brilliant fight against the coalition policy of Kerensky. As a member of the central committee of the Left Social Revolutionary Party she devoted herself wholeheartedly to the defense of Soviet Russia and assisted in the work of building up and developing the land. She could not, however, join with Bolshevism in the policy of "retreat" which began with the ratification of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. She then turned her energies against German imperialism. At the head of a fighting organization, she made the preparations for the assassination of Marshal Eichhorn. After the assassination she was imprisoned in Kiev and subjected to torture and a brutal third degree. A German court martial sentenced her to death. The Kaiser was expected to confirm the decision, but just at that time the monarchy collapsed, and Kachovskaia was freed during the Revolution in the Ukraine. When she returned to Moscow in 1919 she found that Soviet Russia was being threatened by General Denikin. She immediately sought to arrange for Denikin's assassination but while preparing this she was arrested by the Cheka. The prosecutor said to her: "You will be given your liberty for the express purpose of carrying out your plot, on condition that you promise that if you return alive you will at once report to the prison authorities." The plot did not succeed, and she returned to Moscow seriously ill. Later she was again arrested. Since that time—April, 1921—she has not been able to regain her freedom. As in the case of Spiridonova, all efforts to have her permitted to leave Russia have failed.

VLADIMIR TRUTOVSKY. Exiled twice to Siberia under the Czar, he was one of the founders of the Left Social Revolutionary Party and the author of several books expounding the theories and principles of that group. In the first Soviet Government he was Peoples' Commissar, but since November, 1918, he has been persecuted incessantly. After he had served three years in the penitentiary, an effort was made to increase the length of the sentence. As a protest he endeavored to kill himself by fire. He was then banished to Turkestan for three years. He was freed in 1926 and took up residence in a small town where he had been authorized to live. But he was again arrested and found himself on September 14, 1926, in the company of other Socialists, in the prison of Charkov. On the evening before the visit of the second German workers' delegation he was taken from the prison to the Cheka. When the delegation made inquiries next day regarding the condition of political prisoners, they were told that there were none in the Charkov prison. Trutovsky signed a protest against this deception of the workers' delegation, an act which resulted in several years of exile in the East.

ILIA MAJOROV. A Left Social Revolutionist and a peasant from the government of Kasanj, Majorov was a representative of the Peoples' Commissariat for Agriculture during the first period of the October Revolution. To him belongs the honor of drafting the famous law concerning the socialization of the land. This law, which rejected every vestige of private ownership of property and the exploitation of man by man, was enthusiastically adopted by the Congress of the Soviets. But Majorov opposed the new policy of the Bolshevik Government after 1918 and, as a consequence, has, since 1919, been held either in prison or in exile.

I. IVANOV. A proletarian of Leningrad, he was sentenced in 1921 as a Left Social Revolutionary to five years in prison. "Five years' imprisonment as punishment for a proclamation which denounced the new elections of the Soviets"—so ran the sentence. A month before the expiration of his term in prison he wrote: "Who knows whether I shall soon win my freedom, for it is customary for a person to be exiled after imprisonment, and to be imprisoned after exile. It is, however, necessary that I be set free. Since the recent death of my father, my elderly mother and two little sisters

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have been in the direst need. And as for myself, I must regain my health and once more accustom myself to life." Upon his release from prison Ivanov was exiled as he had feared.

Enough of examples. One could mention the names of Boris Kamkov, Alexandra Ismailovich, Nestroiev, and of hundreds of Left Social Revolutionists and Maximalists, who are living in the black night of Siberia or in the tropic heat of Central Asia. They have not been dealt with in this manner because of any definite action against any particular government. At the end of 1925 an appeal was published from the prisoners in the penitentiary at Tobolsk. Among the 126 Socialists and Anarchists who signed it only 21 had been sentenced by tribunals, and of that number only two for participation in armed conflicts. All the others were jailed by the Cheka merely for membership in Socialist or Anarchist organizations. For such a "crime" 115 of the prisoners have already served a total of 360 years in the penitentiary and 16 years in banishment. Of these 115, none were imprisoned during the period of the civil war; 29 went to jail in 1922, 53 in 1923, and the rest in 1924 and 1925.

Since the appeal from Tobolsk, the situation has not changed. The tenth anniversary celebration last fall brought no amnesty for the political prisoners—many of them men and women who had helped to bring about the October Revolution in 1917.

[*This article represents the point of view of a Left Social-Revolutionary who was Minister of Justice in Russia after the November Revolution and who resigned when the Bolshevik Government signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. He and the group he represents are rigid opponents of any compromise with the capitalist system; they opposed the peace with Germany, the New Economic Policy, and every step the Bolsheviki have taken away from a strict application of socialist-communist principles. For this reason their position is one of peculiar isolation. Their support of the Soviet system has cut them off from the Social Democrats, while their opposition to the policies of the Communist regime resulted in the imprisonment of many of their leaders in Russia. These persons are suffering from serious want. A committee has been formed in New York to supply them with funds for food and clothing and books. Contributions can be sent to the Maria Spiridonova Committee, W. Beliaeff, Secretary, 60 East 196th Street, New York City.* —Editor The Nation.]

A Chinese Protest

THE following translation of the protest sent to the Japanese Government after the Tsinan affair has recently been received from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government of China:

His Excellency Baron Tanaka,
Minister for Foreign Affairs,
Tokio, Japan

The dispatch of troops to Shantung by Japan violates China's territorial sovereignty. The Nationalist Government has twice protested against this action and also declared that should unfortunate consequences result therefrom the Japanese Government would have to bear the responsibility, etc. To my greatest surprise, the Japanese soldiers in Tsinan, on May 3, morning, without any reason whatsoever, committed the most provocative acts and fired ruthlessly at our soldiers and people.

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Thereupon, the Nationalist Commander in Chief ordered his troops to keep away from the neighborhood of the region occupied by the Japanese soldiers and, at the same time, instructed high military officers to hasten to the Japanese Headquarters to arrange measures for the prevention of a possible clash. Our representatives were repeatedly insulted, and no result was reached. The Japanese troops swept the neighborhood with machine-gun fire and repeatedly directed their big guns at buildings of the Government and of the people. A group f Japanese soldiers was sent to attack the office of the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs for Shantung; after having cut off the ears and nose of Mr. Tsai Kung-shih, the Commissioner, the soldiers murdered him and all the members of the staff then present in cold blood. The temporary office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs was also fired on and searched by organized Japanese soldiery. Countless Chinese soldiers and citizens were murdered. The Japanese troops invaded the region occupied by Nationalist soldiers and compelled them to disarm; the Nationalist soldiers refrained from opposing them. At 11 p. m., May 3, while our High Military Authorities were negotiating with Kuroda, the Japanese Chief-of-Staff, for best steps that could be taken, the Japanese soldiers fired with their big guns five times, and Japanese soldiers were also sent to destroy our wireless station. On May 4, although there was not one single Chinese soldier anywhere near the neighborhood of the region occupied by the Japanese troops, the firing was continued by the latter. Upon to the present, communication and business in the whole city are at a standstill. Condemnable actions like these are not only trampling underfoot completely China's sovereign rights but are also absolutely impermissible by human justice. Now, therefore, the Nationalist Government again has to lodge with the Japanese Government the strongest protest and has to request the Japanese Government to instruct by telegraph their troops at Tsinan to stop forthwith their firing and to withdraw at once. All the questions relating to the violation of international law and treaty stipulations, as a result of stationing of Japanese troops in Shantung, shall be settled through proper procedure. The Nationalist Government wish also now to declare that they reserve the right to present all necessary demands. It is presumed that the Japanese Government are unwilling to assume an outrageous, intolerable, and hostile position against the whole Chinese race, which position is also against the dictates of justice and humanity.

HWANG FU,
Minister for Foreign Affairs

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN A. HOBSON, British economist, is the author of "The Conditions of Industrial Peace."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, who is sending *The Nation* a series of articles on the theater in Europe, is at present in Vienna.

PAUL BLANSHARD is field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN is a New York poet.

CHI-CHEN WANG'S abridged translation of "The Dream of the Red Chamber," China's greatest novel, will appear in the autumn.

JOHN MACY is author of "The Story of the World's Literature."

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is an anthropologist, author of "History and Prospects of the Social Sciences."

H. K. DICK is in the English Department at Columbia University.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor with Morris Ernst of "To the Pure," a forthcoming book on the obscenity laws.

ROBERT WOLF is the author of "Springboard."

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